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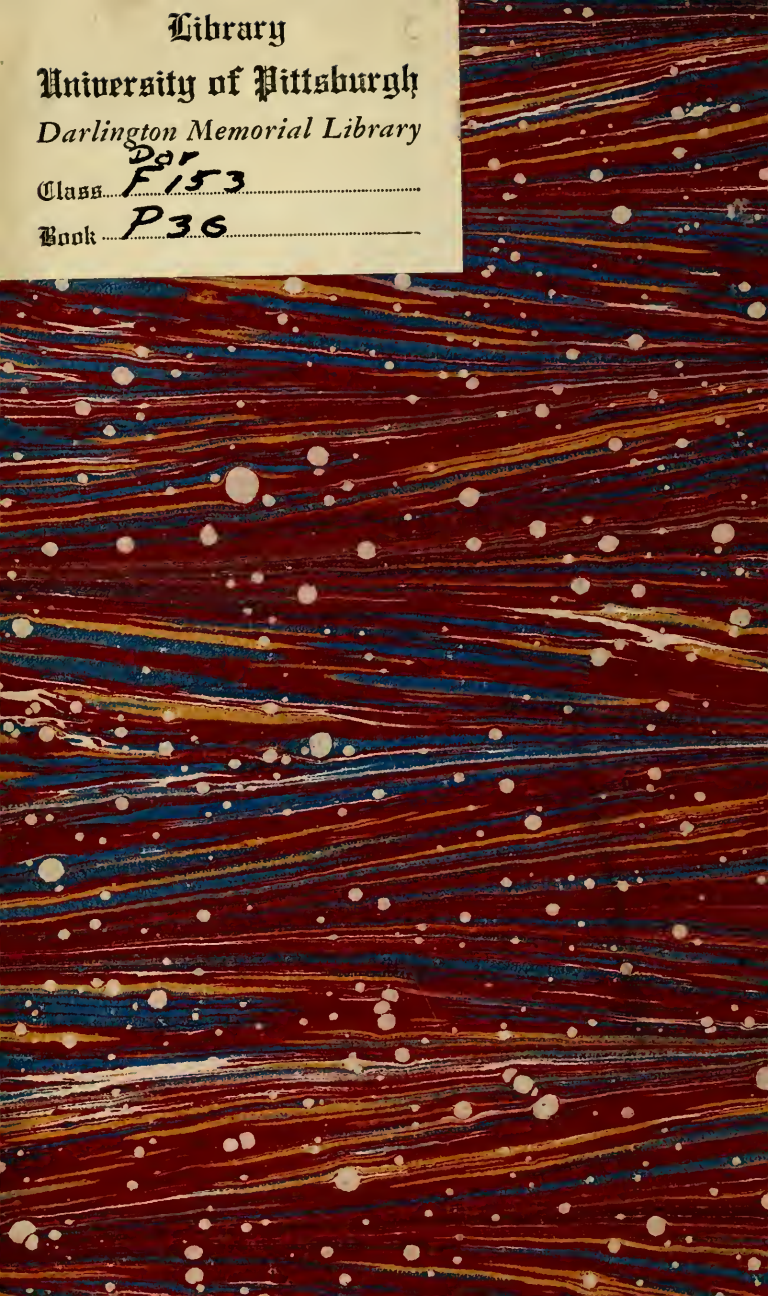
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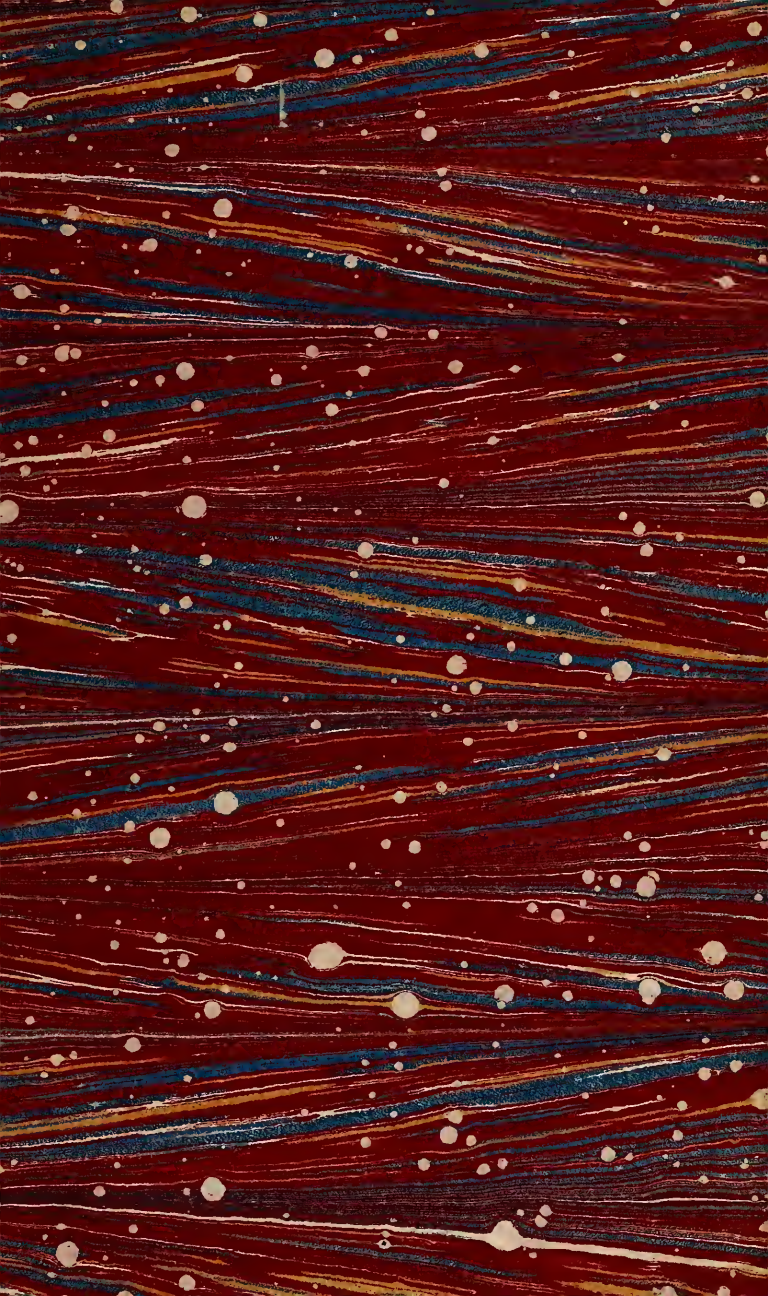
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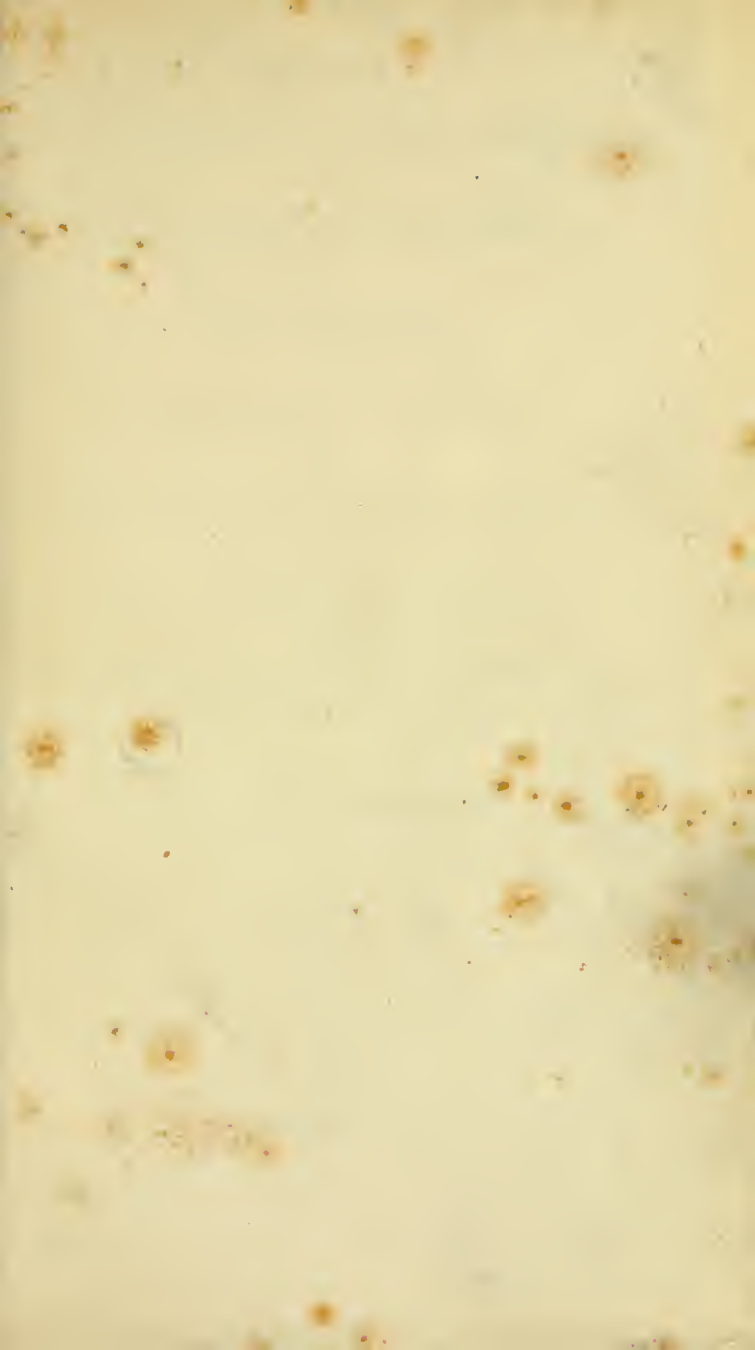
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NOTES

MADE DURING A JOURNEY IN 1821, MARY DARLINGTON

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FROM

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THROUGH

LANCASTER, HARRISBURGH, CARLISLE & PITTSBURGH,

AND BACK TO

PHILADELPHIA;

THROUGH

LOUIS TOWN, HUNTINGDON, & NEW HOLLAND;

IN SEARCH OF A SETTLEMENT.

~~~~~  
**BY JOHN PEARSON.**  
~~~~~

London:

PRINTED BY W. AND S. COUCHMAN, THROGMORTON STREET;

AND SOLD BY

SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
1822.

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COURTEOUS READER,

In the following pages, you will be made as sensible as I am myself, that the boon of education has been denied to me. You will therefore find none of the polish which cultivation would have bestowed on my now humble style of writing, if style it can be called; but if you should prefer the plain unvarnished tale to the flowing period, here you have it, in such a dress as becomes an Englishman of humble birth and very moderate means, who was once dissatisfied with his own Country, and tried America in the hope of bettering his condition, how these hopes were disappointed you will perceive in the few following pages, which contain a fair representation of what I actually saw; and I request you to believe that they are published simply with a view to take from the eyes of my Countrymen, the film of delusion which once obscured my own vision.

J. P.

NOTES.

ON Sunday the 13th of May 1821, we left the London Dock in the Népos brig, commanded by Jesse Collins of Boston, and proceeded to Gravesend, where a Mr. Dunby and myself were examined at the Alien Office, thence we sailed to the Isle of Wight, and received on board Messrs. Hearn, Pettis, Arnold, Abrahams, Hollier, and Cooper, their sons and daughters, live stock, and provisions in great abundance. On the 26th we sailed out of Cowes Harbour for the United States of America, and arrived at Philadelphia after a troublesome passage of nine weeks and five days on July the 20th, and paid 1 dollar to the doctor, and 25 cents to the Custom-House.

The first place I went to was No. 247, South Seventh Street, and delivered what was committed to my charge by a gentleman in the city of London, and afterwards took lodgings at the Phoenix Tavern in Letitia Court, kept by a Mr. Trench, a celebrated Irish slater, who had been at law with an American, and lost nearly all his property.

On the 30th I received a subpoena from a lawyer of the name of Brewster, but signed by Samuel Badger, Esq. one of the aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, against Collins and Henry, the captain and chief mate of the *Nepos*, for the cruel treatment of both the white and black seamen; they were found guilty, and fined accordingly.

City of Philadelphia, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

To John Pearson,

L.S.

YOU are hereby required and commanded, that laying aside all business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear before SAMUEL BADGER, Esquire, one of the aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, at his office, on the 30th day of July, 1821, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, then and there to testify your knowledge in a certain action now pending before our said alderman, between A. King and Bradly plaintiffs, and Collins and Henry defendants, on the part of the plaintiffs, and this you are in nowise to omit, under the penalty of one hundred dollars.

WITNESS the said Samuel Badger, at Philadelphia, who hath hereunto set his hand and seal, this 28th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

SAMUEL BADGER, Alderman.

(Copy.)

The first and second week after our arrival, the weather set in so excessively hot, as made it almost impossible for an Englishman to live in that city; the thermometer rose from 116° to 120° in the sun, and my wife and I were convinced that it would be impossible for us to live in that city, if we valued our health. This determined me to go back, and buy an improvement of 50 acres. I then bought a horse of David Kendrick of Market Street, who keeps the Black Horse Inn, for 35 dollars, and a new dearborn waggon and harness of Mr. Graves for 55 dollars, I afterwards put on a tilt, which stood me in 5 dollars more; I then made a deposit of 300 dollars in the United States bank, payable at Pittsburgh; I also requested Kendrick to sign a paper drawn up by Mr. Marsh of South Seventh Street, while young Kendrick wrote the route for Scrubgross, Butler County, near 400 miles from Philadelphia: Downing Town 30 miles, Lancaster 38, Carlisle 18, Shippensburg 20, Chambersburgh 11, Loudon 11, Mc Connellsburgh 8, Licking Creek 6, Sidling Hill $4\frac{1}{2}$, crossing of Juniata 10, Bloody Run 7, Bedford 9, Shellsburgh 18, Stroys Town 18, Loughlin Town 12, Youngs Town 10, Greensburgh 9, Tinker's Run 9, Turtle Creek 12, Pittsburgh 32, Butler 50, Campbell 22, and Grants 14.

My wife then, myself, and one Peter Price, a hearty young ploughman of the Isle of Wight, my dog Bob, and a pointer, left the city, August 17, after a stay of four weeks. The thermometer was up to 128° , and I never was so oppressed with heat in the East Indies as I was in America.

When we came to the Schuylkill bridge my dog Bob was seized with a fit, and as he exhibited every appearance of hydrophobia, the philistines ran from him in every direction, desiring me to shoot him instantly. I then fired at him with a pistol loaded with ball, which just missed poor Bob's head one inch; the report frightened him out of his fit, and away he ran towards the bridge, looking behind him for his kind master, who took him down to the Schuylkill and bathed him. All the other dogs which we brought out, eighteen in number went mad, but it is to be observed here, that Peter, myself, or wife, washed our dogs three times a day, and kept them in a cool cellar. The dog tax in this city is therefore in my opinion a very wholesome law. We then paid our toll, and kept to the right hand side of the road as the law directs, crossed the noble bridge over the Schuylkill, which bridge and the one below it I had been over several times before..

Our first day's journey was only 14 miles, and it was impossible to travel faster, as we had in our van six hundred weight. Great care was also necessary to water the horse every $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and we heard of several horses that had dropped down dead in the course of the day: two carpenters also, who were helping to build the new market lost their lives by imprudently drinking cold water.

At night we put up at a tavern, there was about 3 acres of wood land belonging to it on the front of the house, that had millions of insects, whose notes I could compare to nothing else but to seven or eight

hundred stone sawyers at work in one yard, and these (2d day) merry fellows followed us all the way to the mountains. We were overtaken by a thunder storm, the rain was not so heavy as I expected, but the thunder was such as few Englishmen have been accustomed to hear; most tremendous claps of thunder passed over with the storm, as though the very vault of Heaven was splitting asunder: after this it was rather cooler. I determined to travel all night; this brought me to Little Brandy Wine early on Sunday morning: here we rested all day (3d day) intending to travel the next night, but going out to speak with a waggoner, who was coming up the hill, "so stranger," says he, "you have beat me in travelling." I told him "yes, that I travelled all night," "then," says he, "do so no more, for if you do, you will kill your horse," he had done so, and had lost several valuable horses.

Here were plenty of farms to sell cheap, with stone houses, stone barns, and stone spring houses, but an Englishman whom I met, advised me not to make any purchase for the first year; he knew of plenty then in Brandy Wine township, but he believed it was a wrong time to make purchases, and with regard to the "improvement" to which I was going, he did not know much about it, it was true; but as for old David Kendrick and his son Jack, he believed it would be a hard thing to find two such arrant villains in all Philadelphia; this was certainly very consoling to me. In the cool of the evening we moved on to a tavern 5 miles off; we were charged high for every

thing. Married and single are accommodated in one bed-room, and as for certain utensils which are generally found under Englishmen's beds, and a certain description of small buildings, they are by no means common after you leave Philadelphia. (4th day)—We came to the end of this beautiful valley, called Lombardon valley, full of Dutch farms in a high state of cultivation. The men wear their beards, and dress like our English quakers, that is, I mean our old fashioned quakers, not the dandy quakers of the new school. We slept at Cannon Stoker; here is a sickly creek one mile short of Lancaster, the people were sickly, particularly the miller's men. The tolls this day over bridges and through gates were treble what they are in England; they are indeed a grievous tax upon all travellers: every time you pass you must pay. (5th day)—We passed through Lancaster, it is a large town, the houses are well built of good brick, here I overtook Mr. Abrahams and Mr. Hollier, their wives and children, they left the city two days before me, but I beat them all in travelling, as I was always off at day break, whereas they stopped to breakfast, and so lost the best time for travelling; as the sun was getting hot, I wished my old shipmates a good morning, and passed on to a tavern kept by one Hotz a Dutchman. I washed the horse's mouth, Peter and I had a dram, and so jogged on again. This town swarms with Dutch, who are not quite so well behaved as many of our Hampshire hogs in England.

Stopped at Mount Joy to examine one of the wheels of the dearborn, as one Tommy Brown, a driver of

one of the clumsy Harrisburgh lumber waggons (which they call a stage) wantonly drove his waggon against mine, and nearly upset it and my wife, the passengers all put their heads out, and told Tommy they "guessed" he ought to be fined 2 dollars for not keeping on his own side of the road. Passed through Elizabeth town, a famous waggon stand; it has some good stores, taverns, houses, and a dissenting meeting house built with good brick. Two miles further on we slept in the woods, in our dearborn, it being cooler and pleasanter after a hard day's walk. (6th day)—This day we saw a number of well cultivated farms worth from 40 to 50 dollars per acre, good orchards, meadows, and second crops of excellent clover, which is said to be injurious to their horses but *not to their cows*; so that in this instance, the order of nature, when compared with England, is inverted.

The land that was not cleared here was heavily timbered; as we moved along the banks of the Susquehannah, the face of the country looked inviting to a stranger, but when we came to Sweet-Air Creek a damp was cast upon the spirits, the people were visited with fevers and agues. I had some conversation with two miller's men then at work on the road, one was an Englishman, the other an American; they gave me to understand, that they preferred working on the road to avoid the sickly creeks, they received half a dollar a day, three days this and three days last week. Before we parted, they gave me their honest counsel, and that was to return home directly. At mid-day we came to Harrisburgh, it has excellent

buildings, both public and private, clean streets, and two noble bridges that cross the Susquehannah, one mile over, so that you are reminded of our beautiful rope walks in England, that are covered over. The toll for a dearborn and one horse is $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents. I went into the toll house, it was well furnished; for all persons in America in places of trust are well paid, which puts temptations to extortion out of their way, consequently prevents abuses and plunder. The collector was then lying on the bed, sick. I paid his wife, who contemplating my appearance, then all over dust, and a beard five days old, she seemed to say, "there have passed this gate many such dupes as thou art, I would there were fewer." On this bridge we found it written, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still;" as I led my horse over the bridge in a walk, for so the law of America directed, I thought I could have written a volume on the subject; the handsome bridge, the sick collector, the compassionate look of his wife, a good mother who is grieved at the faults of a wild and unthinking son, yet she says "with all thy faults boy I love thee still," Peter put an end to these my reveries by observing "it was a mortal fine bridge, but a deadly bad toll," I replied, "yes Peter," that is true, "but the expence of building these bridges must be very great;" our tolls this day were $65\frac{1}{2}$ cents in 22 miles.

We passed two families on the top of the hill on the other side, returning from the Western States; they were going to the Jerseys to seek employment in the cotton manufactories, they endeavoured to persuade

us to return. Six miles further we slept in the woods. (6th day)—At day break we set off again, and stopped at Carlisle, at one Snell's a Dutchman, paid him for breakfast, greasing the dearborn, corn for horse, 1 dollar and 25 cents; 20 miles further on we stopped in the woods to dine, and were joined by a passing stranger who had been down the Ohio in the capacity of a gardener; he had no money in his pocket but a 10 dollar note, and that was a forged one.

In the afternoon we were invited by the owner of a saw-mill to refresh. I left my wife with the ladies, to have a little chit-chat, while the old gentleman and I took a view of his premises, and I must confess that I had much cause to regret that nature had not bestowed upon me the genius of mechanism, otherwise the worthy man would have given me the whole plan of his saw-mill, as he had done to several Americans.

Hearing a multitude singing at some distance, and understanding it was a camp meeting, I determined to visit it; we therefore moved to the next tavern, where I left my wife, Peter and the pointer to take care of the dearborn, but took Bob with me, and proceeded to the camp, having got among the women, I was requested in a very meek and christian like manner to depart to the other side of the camp, and take a seat among the men, this I of course complied with, particularly when I understood that they had been disturbed the preceding evening: this accounted for their reading the "riot act." Shortly after my arrival they were engaged in *psalm* singing, and preaching followed; but understanding they were all going to

heaven in their own way by shouting and jumping, I concluded if I stopped any longer, and did not shout and jump with them, I might seem like a barbarian to them, and they peradventure seem like barbarians to me. Bob and I jumped out of their camp, and returned to our own, for I had seen jumping enough before I left the city. At midnight we were disturbed by some lads full of their fun and frolic, they demanded of me who I was? where was I going? what were my views? what did I do there at all? was I a yankee? and lastly was I a kidnapper? so to cut the matter short I took my gun out of the dearborn just to shew them I had arms, Peter armed himself with a bill-hook, and my wife flanked us with a frying-pan, while Bob sounded a charge; seeing we were thus prepared to resent the insult, they gave three or four Indian whoops, and departed. At two o'clock another party came up, who entered into conversation with me for nearly an hour in a friendly way; one in particular cautioned me against his and my own countrymen; he observed also that the camp meetings did more hurt than good, and that America stood as much in need of reform as England ever did. (7th day)—Started early, and passed a dearborn waggon belonging to an Englishman going to Wheeling; we came to Shippensburg; it is a long straggling town, the windows were nearly all broken, the houses were dirty, and the people sickly; moved on through the town and pitched our tent in a wood, (as our rest was broken last night) and rested some hours.

(8th day)—We came to Chambersburgh, it is a large town with good stores, taverns, a market house,

and a public court of justice; they were then trying a woman for destroying her infant child. Trade, they complained was bad indeed, never had America known such times. The Englishman whom we passed at Shippensburg overtook us with his wife and two fine children, but they stopped at Chambersburgh, the Americans having sold him a kicking mare. We slept at Loudon on the Bedford and Frankling Lines, at Brown's tavern. Loudon is a dirty miserable place, the windows were broken from one end of this village to the other, nor did the tavern make a more respectable appearance than the rest, there was however good stabling, and excellent water; the landlord had been a waggoner.

(9th day)—Passed over Cove-mountain—a broad road, but extremely stony: the weather was as hot as at Philadelphia: after a hard day's journey we came to the traveller's rest, at John Succais. There arrived also at this place three rough looking characters in a dearborn with two horses a tandem; they were going down the Ohio, "among the gold mines," as they said, and advised me to go with them; this I declined, for I had seen enough in this short journey to convince me what sort of gold mines I should find down the Ohio, or indeed any other part of the United States. (10th day, Sunday)—Rested all day. The landlord took me round his farm of 200 acres, most of which was good land, especially the meadows; there was an orchard of beautiful fruit, but he complained of midnight marauders; he had five good milch cows, three yearlings, nearly sixty hogs from sucklings upwards, and three good horses. He had formerly

been a stone-mason, and had contrived to get the consent of the lady, who was now his wife, she was daughter to a rich Dutch farmer. He traded to New York for such things as he wanted for his tavern, bartering his pigs, and what other things he might have to dispose of. He would advise me by no means to go farther west, not because he had land to let, but he knew well from the travellers and drovers that stopped at his stand, that there was neither money nor a market; but as we were bent upon going to Kendrick's delightful improvement at Scrubgrass, his truly friendly advice was not attended to.

(11th day)—We started at day break, and fell in with three bonny Scotchmen; they were all ganging "back again to their ain country;" one of them was a funny fellow, who told me, he would sooner run about sweet *Edinborough* and cry, "*Wha wants me,*" than stop in America, for the *dé'il* himself *could na* live in America, much less a Scotchman. We passed over Sidling-hill and Raise-mountain, through M^c. Cannellsburgh, crossed Lickling Creek, and in the course of the day a handsome bridge. We fell in with two French itinerant musicians, who got but poor encouragement.—Slept near Bloody-run. Here the Frenchmen struck up a tune, and the Americans began to cut capers.

(12th day) ~~✕~~ⁱⁱⁱ Passed Bloody-run, so called on account of a hard fought battle between the English and Indians. Here the scenery was varied with hills and dales, and immense woods, but no pretty little establishments, no lawns, no rivulets, no gentlemen's seats, no boxes,

nor parks well stocked with deer, nor had we as yet seen a buck or any other game, nor did we see those men, whom we met coming out of the woods with their rifles bring any home ; but with regard to deer, the law was then in force, which made it penal to kill any.

We stopped to breakfast at the General Washington, kept by one Stottler, a Dutchman, and had an excellent breakfast for 25 cents each: it was here both cold and wet. Three miles farther lived Emanuel Stottler, brother to our landlord. Sorrow sat heavy upon this man's brow. He had erected, he said, in the old road, a tavern for the accommodation of the public, and did well, but the new road I then travelled upon had ruined him. Observing my dog Bob, he asked if that dog would hunt wolves, if so, he would be glad to trade with me for him, for the wolves made sad havock among his sheep. I told him I would never part with poor Bob, but I would trade with him for the pointer, but that did not suit him: he then gave me to understand, that he had 250 acres of land to sell, but that did not suit me any more than the pointer suited him, for according to his own account, I might as well have made a purchase among the hyenas of Abyssinia as on this lonely mountain ; I therefore wished Emanuel Stottler a good day, and passed through Shellsburgh, a mean dirty hole as ever I was in, in my life, the windows were broken from one end of the place to the other, the poor wretched people had every appearance of our gipsy fortune tellers, and as for beer, ale, cider, rum, brandy, barley or malt,

you might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle. Passed on to the foot of another lonely mountain, to sleep at the "Stone-house," about 220 miles from Philadelphia. Here we fell in with the heart of the Allegany mountains. There had been some robberies committed in these mountains by an armed banditti, but their haunts being found out, they were pursued by armed and resolute men, who shot five of the robbers, the rest fled ; so that travellers are now seldom interrupted, but the mails do not always escape being robbed. (13th day)—We started at day break in a pelting shower of rain, and crossed three more heavy mountains in the course of the day ; when I got over the last, I felt a heavy mountain upon my own shoulders, and wished that Wooldridge had lighted his pipe with Morris Birbeck's letters and notes, before he had ever brought them to my cot. (14th day)—We stopped at a Mr. Burdett's tavern ; the name being so very familiar in England, it induced me to go in, and have some conversation with him ; he informed me that his father was French, his mother English, that the road was greatly in debt, and that a neighbour of his had lent the trust 100 dollars in his more prosperous days, that the man was now reduced ; they could not afford him one cent, and that distress prevailed all over the Union. We then passed through Laughlin's town, and Young's town, equally as miserable as the rest, with windows broken and old rags crammed in. (15th day)—We came to Greensburgh, it is a straggling town partly on a hill, and partly in a valley. Peter and my wife hunted up a Dutch butcher after an hour's

chase, who kept his meat in a cellar, for it was impossible to expose it to the sun then 126° , which is nearly hot enough to boil a man's blood into a jelly, I therefore started for shelter to the woods, where they soon followed me, we kindled a fire and had a gipsy dinner, took a nap, and started again, fell in with a company of female spinners and weavers, who were just going to dinner; first and second course consisted of apple dumplings, milk, sweet and sour, Indian corn and mush, they did not eat meat all the year round for a very good reason; they traded for what they wove and spun, and took such things as they wanted from the stores; they had little or no money; two of them were pleasant girls, full of their jokes, and asked me if I did not want a wife. At night we finished our journey through Tinker's-run and Turtle-creek, slept at a farm-house. The man here would sell his farm of 100 acres for 8 dollars per acre; the house and other buildings cost him 1000 dollars. He was for the Ohio; a young man also travelled with us this day and yesterday, who had been discharged from the United States Militia, the ague came upon him every day at 12, he had caught it by imprudently sleeping in the woods. A gentleman and his lady also passed us, he told me amongst other things that Mr. Birckbeck would never more see his money.

(16th day)—This day a waggoner was fined 3 dollars for using a drag chain and 2 dollars more for not keeping on the right side of the road. We arrived at Pittsburgh, the Birmingham, the Manchester, and the Sheffield of America, according to some, but in my

words a poor, gloomy, sickly receptacle, hardly fit for convicts of the worst description ; no greater punishment could be inflicted, I am sure, upon our Bank note forgers than to send them to Pittsburgh, yet this was the place where the hammers stunned your ears, and the manufactories struck you dumb with astonishment, so indeed they do when you can find them. There is one paper mill that employs 20 hands, one grist mill 8, and one nail shop that employs 1 poor old man, but no piano forte manufactory, as has been represented ; there were 1188 persons destitute of employment, and the cry of distress was universal : this is the Birmingham of America, and let them deny it if they can.

I put up at the Pointer Dog, kept by one Cary, I say he kept the house, for the house would not keep him. Understanding that we were from Ewell in Surrey, he told me and my wife that a Mr. ——— from that place stopped at his house three weeks, until such time as a boat was built to carry him and his family to the Illinois, and that he was disgusted with the system then adopted in England, that he had sacrificed the society of a numerous and respectable circle of friends, and was then going to join Mr. Birkbeck, that able politician, that hero of the western states. (17th day, Sunday)—I got up early, and took a walk to see the two rivers, viz.: the Alleghany and Monongahela that empty themselves into the Ohio, the morning was cold and raw and the atmosphere thick and cloudy. I had some discourse with a gentleman who had been in conversation with the great Mr. Ross (not Rosse) an American. I told this gentleman that I was going to

Scrubgrass, nearly 100 miles from Pittsburgh, then directing my discourse to one of them, (for Mr. Ross went into a house after *pointing* out to me the road) I asked him if he knew the nature of the soil, market, people, cattle, corn and the like, he told me in a few words that I should not like the place he was sure, that it was good grass land, but nothing farther. I then asked him what he thought of Mr. Birkbeck's settlement, he said Mr. B. had misrepresented the place altogether, that the Wabash was 50 miles of flat land, which was overflowed whenever there were any heavy rains, consequently sickly ; he then shewed me the Ohio river but observed " though that was the river, the State of Ohio did not commence for 50 miles ; the water was then at a low stage, it would consequently take six weeks to go to Mr. Birkbeck's settlement. Then going home to breakfast, I found at table an English schoolmaster who had wandered up and down this state, Ohio and Virginia, he could find no employment ; he had been 2 years in America, and his money was all gone, nor did he know what to do, or which way to get more, there was also an Irish boot-closer, whose drapery bore evident marks of his poverty, and an American who had been to Scrubgrass, and Broken Straw, where I was going, and who described it as no very desirable place for a man to spend the remainder of his days at.

The landlord was last from New York, and repented the hour he ever set his foot at Pittsburgh ; the ostler was a Yorkshire man, he had been down the Ohio, purchased a little land, but was then living upon the

bounty of poor Cary, who told my wife and me, what he should do for money to pay his rent, he did not know, and as for us, he would advise our return. In the course of the day there came a venerable looking man to the house, from near Derby in England, with his wife and two amiable daughters, he had been down the Ohio. His son had been the cause of his coming out, he having been himself deceived by the misrepresentations of villainous land jobbers, he had spent nearly all his money, and was then doing such jobs as he could find to do; he intreated of us like an affectionate father to return, and reflected in the most bitter terms on his own imprudent conduct, calling himself an old fool; then the scenes of comfort he had left behind him, the resting place of his declining years would rush upon his mind and fill him with sorrow, and as for the night, the lock of the door of his old habitation was turned upon him: it was never never to be erased from his mind, it smote his heart like a thunderbolt, it seemed to be a warning of what was to follow, and he was then drinking of that bitter cup which he had so woefully mingled for himself. As for his son, he was a young man, but at his time of life he ought to have known better, and been contented with his situation. He then wept aloud before all the company in the bar-room. The distressed situation of this poor old man made such a deep impression upon my mind, that I was convinced that the best thing we could do was to return, but in this I was overruled. I then went to their church, it is an octagon building about the size of a small Methodist meeting-

house in England, the minister is both parson and clerk, and no person is admitted in the choir but the choristers: there were assembled about 200 persons forenoon and afternoon, and but few seemed to enjoy good health and happiness. The greater part of the population of this town are Methodists, Baptists and Calvinists. One of the ministers had been at war with the free-masons, calling to such of his flock as belonged to that order, to come out from among those sons of darkness. Some of the brethren replied to this bigoted attack upon their order, requesting his reverence for the future to confine himself to *his* method, and they would confine *themselves* to theirs.

(18th day)—We loaded our dearborn, glad enough to get out of Pittsburgh, for we were tormented both nights with bugs, whose bites were as severe as those of musquitoes. I gave Carey a hint of it in the morning, but he affecting to put on a face as long as a horse, declared that he had never heard of any thing of the kind at his hotel: however, I gave him ocular demonstrations of it; nor were the rats idle during the night, a piece of excellent bacon that had found its way from Alton, in Hampshire, had attracted their attention, and they gave evident proofs that they were not of the Jewish persuasion. This filled us all with lamentation, particularly Peter and my wife, who being Hampshire people had a keener sense of the injury; we therefore bent our steps to the market to recruit our store, and bought some dried sausages, which were not over and above savory. It being Monday morning, there was but little meat in the

market, and that was such as in England we call "cag. mag." I then went into several stores, and was not a little astonished to find groceries as cheap as at Philadelphia, and I could have bought a barrel of flour 196lbs. for 2 dollars. We then bid adieu to the Manchester of the new world, and crossed an "elegant" bridge, where they made me pay an elegant toll, over the Ohio river, and in 3 hours we found ourselves in new Ireland, among people who profess the Catholic religion; here a woman followed us and offered us a pair of steers for 7 dollars, she had been keeping a tavern, but was now going down the Ohio. Nine miles farther we passed a tavern, the owner of which had formerly studied medicine, but declined its practice: he came here 35 years ago, and had, with the assistance of his family, cleared a farm of 300 acres. At night we came to a log cabin, but the people did not care to take us in; this determined me not to unload my waggon that I might be ready for a start at day break; there were ten in family, my wife and self, Peter and a back woodsman who had been to Cincinnati, we four laid on the boards, while the rest bundled in two beds, Bob and the pointer were stationed to watch the waggon: at midnight Bob gave the alarm, when out ran Peter and myself, I could see nobody, but Peter declared the dearborn was robbed, and his great coat gone, we therefore pursued the thief conducted by Bob, and found Peter's great coat in possession of a cow, who was tempted by the salt with which it was imbued on his passage from England, but alas! one of the flaps had disappeared; we returned with the

mangled garment, and related the nature of our robbery to the matron of the mansion: we all had a good hearty laugh, and lay down again to sleep. (19th day)—We saw a number of little farms; the trees in the orchards were breaking down with the weight of the fruit. Improvements were to be sold from 6 to 8 dollars per acre, the Indian corn, Buck wheat and potatoes were but indifferent, owing to the dryness of the season, oats 35 cents per bushel. In the course of the day we were overtaken by our Cincinnati man, who advised me to stop at his house, and rest myself and horse. Passed within 2 miles of the old settlement of the Harmonites of whom we heard strange stories; went down Breakneck-hill, and round Elbow-corner, passed a dissenting meeting house, stopped at a Mr. Duncan's tavern, who had nothing to refresh a weary traveller with, not even whiskey, but he guessed he was going to make some cider next week; we then came to Mac's house, who was in a similar situation. (20th day)—Mac told me he had 100 acres of land he would sell me, 25 of which were cleared, he would sell this for 5 dollars, but if I did not like that, I might winter with him and his mother, and so look out for myself in the spring: all this appeared to be plain dealing, and I took him for an honest man; now as there was a sugar camp in the lot, we went to see it: I asked him what quantity it would yield upon an average, he said 250lb. I then left him, and went to his mother and asked her: she said "sometimes 30lb. and sometimes none at all;" whatever Mr. M'Donald told me after this, I always

set down for what we vulgarly call a "crammer." We then went to a neighbouring farm, borrowed a churn, and my wife made some butter. In the afternoon a lady came in who had parted from her husband, Mac conducted her home, and as wolves were rather troublesome in those woods, he did not return till the next morning; this made his mamma swear and smoke all night, and when Mac came home in the morning, she says, hurrah, now John M'Donald you son of a ———, have you not a flock of your own to look after, that you must be running after other men's stray sheep, away now, and count the sheep directly, he did so, and reported them all safe.

(21st day)—We came to Butler—I waited upon Mr. Walter Lowry, a democratic representative of the people, who had lived in the very house I was going to; he told me I should not like Scrubgrass, but observed there was a new settlement at Mansfield; he would advise me to go there; this I declined and wished him and Mac a good day; we then went through a wilderness about 17 miles long, met a man with his rifle, but no game. At night we slept at a hut, the owner of which was an Irishman whose name was Dixon. We laid our beds on the boards, while the father 45, the daughter 17, and the son 20 years of age, all bundled into one bed together, à la mode de grunTERS; my wife and I laughed heartily at the joke nearly all night, while Peter played us a tune with his nasal organ, so that upon the whole it was a very diverting scene.

(22d day)—We stopped at a Mr. Campbell's who made us take breakfast with him; his son had con-

ducted us a near way through the woods. This man had been under the doctor's hands, who charged him 30 dollars for three visits and dressings. His three daughters could spin, weave, plough and harrow. The rest of our journey was through woods and wildernesses, bad roads, with stumps of trees, and trees blown down by the wind, which obliged us to cut our way through the woods. Night coming on and it being dark, we lost ourselves, but got found again by a back woodsman, who conducted us to his father's house, at Scrubgrass, 400 miles from Philadelphia. Thus we arrived 22 days after leaving the city; the last 100 miles journey was worse than the 300 from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh over the mountains, and did the horse and us more harm. Our van was no sooner unloaded, than we received the consoling report from Peter, that our bag, containing our boots, shoes, a saddle bag and a bridle to the value of 7 guineas was not to be found—this drove the sleep from my wife's eyes all night, and oh! that we had ever been such fools as to leave Old England; Morris Birkbeck's letters and notes, those of Lorrain of Philipsburgh, and Dr. Johnson of Silver-lake notoriety, were doomed to the flames as in a moment, and their bodies to be hung up as high as that of Haman the Agagite; so I fell asleep. The next day we heard of our boots and shoes; all things were restored safe; the people, though poor are honest, nor did I forget to reward their honesty; albeit Morris Birkbeck and his gang were not respited. (23d day.) —I rode and walked 24 miles to see the country, met several back woodsmen with their rifles, but no game,

and others who had lost their cattle in the woods. The log cabins were from 3 to 4, 5, or six miles from each other. I dined at one of these ; for dinner I had apple dumplings, milk sweet and sour, but there is no meat in the settlements, and but little poultry, the people are exceedingly hospitable, but very poor, nor could such of them as had woven cloth and sent it to Pittsburgh get any cash for it, and thereby purchase some of the comforts of life. (24th day, Sunday)—Mr. Grant complained he wanted a saddle for himself and wife to ride to meeting.

(25th day)—I turned my horse into Mr. Grant's meadow, but always had him up at night. Bathed my feet with whiskey and salt, and they healed fast—Mrs. Grant and their kind daughters did every thing in their power to make us comfortable with what the house afforded. Mr. G. the owner of this farm of 350 acres and myself rode about 6 miles to one General Graham's, who had 3000 acres of land as he guessed ; there was a log house built upon a small tract of 250 acres with 25 acres cleared ; this he would sell for six dollars per acre, and not a cent less ; but when I came to consider the clearing the remainder, and fencing would cost six dollars more, it would not I was convinced answer any man's purpose, as there was neither money nor a market ; as for all the cattle they could raise, they wanted them either for the yoke or the dairy, for their cattle are subject to some disease, and die off fast : as for their sheep, them they cannot kill, for they want what few they have for the wool to cover themselves with ; besides the

wolf pays them a visit now and then, and as for their hogs, it is but few of them they can kill when they are fat, for the store-keepers will not let them have salt to salt them with, if they do not bring the cash for it ; these things being considered, I told Mr. G. to tell the General we would wish him a good day. We had being given to understand by the General's lady prior to this, that the people in these parts are very vindictive ; the General having given offence to some of them, they destroyed his saw-mill, carried away the saw, and otherwise damaged his property.

The lady abovementioned had received a superior education, and brought her husband a considerable fortune, but sorrow from a reverse of that fortune was now visible in her countenance, while her person, house, cooking, dairy utensils, and the children exhibited such a scene of wretchedness as I did not expect ever to see in the back-woods of America, particularly in the house of a general of the national militia. As the land in question was in our way home, we waited upon a settler 85 years old, a man of strict integrity, and one that would not see a stranger imposed upon, as many of them will : his wife was then lying ill, and was expected to die every hour. The old man told us that the land was as good as any in the country, that his son George had it, and a great fool he was to sell it for a song, and then go down the Ohio, and there he had land for which he would never be able to pay for, that though one acre of that land yielded as much as three did in many other parts of the Union, what did that avail? the waters were bad,

and fluxes prevailed upon new comers; that he had said all in his power to prevent George's going, but to no purpose; they were all Ohio mad, and to the Ohio they would go. We then rode home through solitary woods, and poor cold rocky land.

(27th day)—The General waited upon me and proposed the land a little cheaper, provided the cash was paid in three payments, and *all* within the year. I told him there was no probability of ever getting the money back, when once it was gone, and that I could not make any offer without offending him; he said, I should not offend him, and requested me to state what I would give; I then went into the meadow, and having considered the matter well; that I had 37 miles to Butler by land, of infamous roads, that would take at least 3 days, and 100 to Pittsburgh by water, the land was not worth my accepting: I then went into the house, I told him if I had a bushel of dollars I would not give him more than 4 dollars per acre; that was enough—he ran to his old grey charger, retreated into the woods, and I saw no more of him; the next day I had good cause to congratulate myself that he did so, as *all* his land was under execution and himself in the Sheriff's orderly book. (28th day)—Three persons waited upon me, but I gave them to understand that I had made up my mind to return to England, and that before the wet season set in, where I expected to be by the time roast beef and plum-pudding were in fashion; that if I did stay among them I would not give more than 5 dollars for *half* improvements, reminding them that 5 dollars now was

as good as 10 dollars was 5 years since, and that of course I must be regulated according to the value of money, let me be in what part of the globe I would; and farther that I was convinced that the aguish lands in Essex in England were by no means so unhealthy as many of the creeks in this country, that I had common sense to distinguish a sickly climate from a healthy one; where there was a market and plenty of money or none at all, that I hoped they would not be offended, when I told them that I was of opinion that there was not another spot like Old England and there with God's will I would go.

(29th day)—My worthy and kind friend Grant, thinking he should yet prevail upon me to stop, we saddled our horses, and rode to one Mr. Porterfield, sen.'s who had a snug place of 50 acres, a house with 3 rooms, a barn, a stable, an orchard 18 years old, and, what is a rare thing among them in these parts, an excellent garden. I must confess that if there had been any thing like money or a market, I would have purchased this, either for myself, or some of those families that proposed to follow me, if I could have given them a good account of the country; but in this instance Mr. P. put it all aside by asking more than double its value. Seventeen dollars per acre was his price—here this scene closed. This man and his wife had parted, which is fashionable in America, but he “guessed” she would return in the spring, as soon as her frolic was out; if she did not, he would then sell it for 8 dollars, cash in hand. We then visited several other log cabins: the people were very

poor, ragged, but civil, hospitable and polite. (30th day)—I was out all day to see if I could shoot any thing for our Sunday's dinner; the dogs soon drove up three miserable turkeys; having got them all in a line I was for firing to bring them *all* down at one shot, when my friend Grant came up and said, "Eh mon dinna shoot, they be not wild but tame turkies," nor did I see any wild ones during my stay of 13 days. There was plenty of pigeons, but they were very shy; they are caught in great abundance in nets, and many of them have rice in their crops unmasticated, which they must have brought at least 350 miles. Their jays have finer plumage than ours; the hawks are fine birds, but destructive to their poultry; the turkies are small and so are the partridges. There is a black bird here in point of size between a crow and a jackdaw that is a powerful enemy to the farmer. I have seen tens of thousands of these birds alight upon a field of Indian corn, and make sad havock: indeed a farmer in the back woods of America has more enemies to contend with in the animal creation than an English farmer has any conception of.

Mr. Campbell informed me that the horn snake is seen in these woods, and its instinct induces it to sting man in the large vein of the leg; when this occurs, the unhappy person immediately prepares for death: for the bite of the rattle snake there is a cure, but for the bite of the horn snake there is none: the sting of the mosquitoes here is more powerful than I ever experienced it in the East Indies, while the bite of the bug is more venomous than that of the English

bee. The hydrophobia among their dogs is truly alarming.

(31st day, Sunday)—I went to a meeting 4 miles distant in the woods, the people were Calvinists; the priest had neither gown, surplice, nor band; he was clad in a plain grey suit of second cloth: he had formerly been a coverlet weaver in the Jerseys, he chewed tobacco all the time he preached, as did the greater part of his flock, spitting in all direction without any regard to the sanctity of the place, which gives this sacred place the appearance of a common dirty tap room, nor are the magnificent meeting houses in Philadelphia of the people commonly called Quakers free from this beastly practice, who cram great quids of tobacco into their mouths, as big as our English coal-heavers do. The priest has nothing for burials nor christenings. Marriages take place at the log houses, for which he receives 2 dollars and a half, the church fees for each family say ten or twelve is from 7 to 8 dollars per annum: this year the poor parson will come off short, as they have no cash for themselves, nor is their new meeting house yet paid for, which will cost 800 dollars. After the sermon was over, three stray sheep were cited to come out from among the flock, their evil deeds were made known to all present, that they had been to a raising frolic, had made too free with the whiskey, and intoxication followed, that they now in presence of all their more holy brothers and sisters expressed much sorrow and repentance for the same. Oh, thinks I to myself, a pretty joke indeed! if a fellow

happens to get a glass of grog too much, the parson must proclaim it from one settlement to another. Now that the devil would find his way into the back woods of America, it was natural enough for me to conclude, but I must confess I was not a little surprised to see and hear the pope there. As soon as the ladies came out, for I was always considered an *admirer of the fair sex*, I observed that such as had shoes and stockings on took them off, turned up the best petticoat, and away they trudged through thick and thin in a pelting shower of rain. The next Sunday they follow their minister to another township, and if there should be any naughty boys that have made too free with the whiskey, they will be sure to hear of it, for which sort of discipline he receives 600 dollars per annum from two townships, that is when he can get it. If a couple of lovers are rather in a hurry to get married, they take wing, and away they fly through the woods and wildernesses, and alight at the first squire's hut they come to, who has full power to admit them into the matrimonial cage of life, but, alas ! for the sons and daughters in America, as well as in all Europe, these marriages (although the marriage stands good in law to all intents and purposes) are productive of more misery than happiness ; the parties too often look upon it as a mere frolic and divorce themselves.

(31st day)—Mr. Grant and I visited several log houses, passed one where was a squire, but no great lawyer ; I was given to understand that farther on lived one, that did know the laws of his country well,

his visage was not unlike that of Mr. Pitt, the "heaven-born-minister" of England; we had some conversation with him about Kendrick's delightful "improvement." Mr. G. and I had been over these ruins of Kendrick's, on the 4th day after my arrival, he (Mr. K.) had stated the land to be good for cattle and corn, about 125 acres, 40 of which were cleared, distance 20 miles to Butler by land, and 40 to Pittsburgh by water, a good house, a barn, a stable, 2 oxen, harness for 4 horses, and a waggon.

The land we found so encumbered with stones from 40lb. to ten tons weight each, that no back woodsman would or could possibly clear it for 3000 dollars; instead of 40 acres of cleared land, there were not 8, the house was out of repair, the oxen not paid for, the harness was certainly within call, but the waggon was all to pieces, and it was 37 miles to Butler by land, and a 100 to Pittsburgh by water; and then neither money nor a market, and it would take one week to beat up against the stream.

It seems that Walter Lowry the democratic representative had saddled one John Field, a land speculator in Philadelphia, who afterwards saddled Kendrick with it for a thousand dollars he owed him. Both these fools bought it without knowing what it was, which is a very common thing in America, for if an American bids for land, he does not much trouble his head whether he can pay for it or not, as a few weeks in prison will soon pay his debts: then Kendrick tried to saddle me with it, but avast! I told him no, I was not going to buy a pig in a poke, I therefore

requested Mr. Marsh to draw up a paper and make old Kendrick sign it, this paper I left in the hands of Mr. Brewster, an attorney, who told me if I could prove, that things were not as Mr. K. had represented them, he did not doubt but he should recover my travelling expences. I then commenced an action against Mr. K. and Mr. Brewster sent out the commissions accordingly to my witnesses at Scrubgrass; these commissions are directed to the squire who sends for the witnesses, and gathers what information he can, it is then returned to the attorney, who makes out the case before a judge and jury of 12 men, who are *supposed* to determine according to their consciences, and to do justice to the stranger, as well as to him that is home born; but of this there are various opinions among the English, Scotch, and Irish, who say there is no law for a foreigner, particularly an English, Irish or Scotchman; and that perjury has made rapid strides in America.

(32d day)—During my absence yesterday, a Mr. Rosenburgh called at Mr. G.'s, and very much wished to see me. I went to his house with my gun on my shoulder as usual, though I killed nothing, accompanied by a back woodsman, who had been out all night at a "sparking" (the term speaks for itself): I agreed to go with him 14 miles to see the country, and so stopped at Rosenburgh's to hear what he had to say: he told me he had good land to sell, which was a lie at the first going off; he would give me logs to build a house with, and he would help me to build it; he would be content to take the cash in small "*gales*";

the house should be built upon cross roads; that I should keep a tavern, and make money fast; all this I put into my sleeve, and told Mr. R. he should hear from me at some future period. As he was a distiller, he took me round his premises, which he remarked were all grand, particularly his still-house, which was a grand building indeed, and much in the Gothic stile, and nearly as big as a shed in a gentleman's meadow to shelter an old cow in—this was his grand still-house: we then went into a small strong well-built stone house, but not quite so clean in the interior as it might have been; dinner was served up which consisted of apple dumplings, milk sweet and sour, rye bread, and mashed potatoes; the children were ragged, and had a certain something alive in their heads that amused them and me all dinner time; the lady was an harmless and inoffensive woman, who did the honours of the table as well as might be expected, considering she was as drunk as a piper. After this amusing scene we departed without saying grace—here a hut and there a hut—the children as ragged as colts, and as wild as March hares. I saw 3 more “improvements,” the deed of one was at Harrisburgh 200 miles off, the second had a mortgage of 200 dollars, and the third was *not at home*, in short, they had not one dollar to help themselves with, and I was convinced it would not be safe to have any dealings with them, but leave them to range in their endless woods and solitary wildernesses, and to enjoy what they considered as the greatest of all blessings, liberty and independence. I then shot one pigeon and re-

turned to Mr. R.'s again : here I fell in with the squire, a sensible intelligent man as I before observed. After he and I parted, which was after nine at night, I made for the first log house I came to, it was " come in, stranger," though they were all gone to bed ; apple pie, milk, bread, and butter were brought out for my supper, plenty of logs heaped on and a good fire kept up all night : as their bed and mine were close together, I was for turning in with trowsers on, which the lady perceiving, she says, " O ! man, do not go to bed with your trowsers on, pull them off ;" ever unwilling to disoblige the ladies, I pulled my trowsers off ; the next morning the husband got up at day light and left his wife in bed close to me—she got up at her usual time, and slipped her gown over her shoulders and was dressed in an instant, for the ladies wear nothing but a gown and a chemise ; nor would she suffer the stranger to depart until she got him a good breakfast.

(33d day)—I fell in with more people who had lost their cattle in the woods, which is a great drawback upon this and other settlements ; their oxen and cows stray away for weeks together, which not only proves injurious to their best cows, but deprives them of their milk and butter, which is the very life of a back-woodsman ; they then sell them to the drovers for little or nothing, who drive them to Philadelphia and other markets. (34th day)—We left these kind and hospitable people, whose sensibility did honour to the human heart ; nearly the whole family were in tears, as for the old gentleman my kind and sincere friend

Grant, as he gave me a letter to put into the post office for his brother in Scotland, the past scenes of his tender childhood, the recollection of a kind brother, and a full persuasion that he should never more see him or his native land, rushed upon his mind like a cataract, and as he conducted my waggon over the rugged rocks the big tears rolled down his aged cheeks, until overwhelmed with grief, he returned home, and sent his son to put us into the right road. Thus I left *Scrubgrass*, Butler County, is about 2 days ride from the Indian nation called the corn planters. After a stay of 13 days, having walked and rode about 100 miles to see their little settlements and improvements, under a full conviction of their hospitality, poverty and honesty. I wished them all the happiness that such a state of mutability would afford these tried sons of men, living in wilds and wildernesses, and suffering such a number of privations. As Mr. R—'s house lay in our road, we stopped to buy some whiskey, but were given to understand by the distiller's wife, that the owner was gone out, and had taken the precaution to carry the key with him, there was consequently an embargo laid upon all the whiskey till his return. I had therefore to regret that Mrs. R— was so fond of that precious cordial, on which she would keep pace with any of those ladies who retail fish at Billingsgate, and other parts of London. At one I came to Lawrenceburgh, it is a mean, dirty village, exhibiting misery and poverty in the extreme. We descended a steep and by no means a safe road to the waters of the Alleghany, 100 miles above where I crossed it at Pittsburgh ; we

were ferried over by a Mr. Andrews, who kindly assisted me in unloading my waggon, getting it over the rocks, and up the other mountain; had it not been for his friendly help, we must have remained there all night; there were two strong boatmen whom Mr. Andrews asked to give us a helping hand, but they damned and swore about the English, and left us to help ourselves how we could, but Mr. A— stood by us until he started us into the woods, and gave us proper directions where to stop, and which way to turn. At night we came to the edge of a wilderness. Two well drest women for that country came out of a house, and told us by no means to go into the wilderness that night, but stop there, and we should be welcome to a bed, and a stable for our horse. One of them left us, as she was going to a midnight sparking, when the ladies choose their favorite swains. Some had red and some yellow petticoats on. They got the newspaper in these wildernesses once a week, and many of the transactions of St. James's are known here two months after they are published in London. As they are all lawyers and legislators, so they are as eager for news as a miser is for a new guinea. (35th day)—Our journey this day was through woods and wilderness swamps, and over stumps of trees; at three in the afternoon going over a log road up hill, the axle-tree broke, down came my waggon, and not before I had anticipated it; my travelling was consequently at an end for that day. I took my horse out that instant, and rode through the woods, here I found a man that had once been a waggon builder, but who was now short

of tools, it being a case of necessity, he would come and look at it. I told him if he did so, that I would pay him well, that I had a new saw, a bill hook, a hammer, and a cutting knife, accordingly he came with me, and we soon unloaded the van, and got the broken axle-tree off. At night we collected plenty of wood, put our trunks round us, loaded my gun, and set Bob on the watch, who was of great use to us all along, as for Peter Price, my man Friday, we had left him at Scrubgrass, he having been a little susceptible of the tender impression; we kindled a rousing fire, committed ourselves to Divine Providence, and lay down to sleep in the woods; I dreamed of Old England. (36th day)—But waked and found myself in the wilds of America with a weeping wife and a broken down waggon. At day break I mounted my horse, and away I rode in another direction to one Labough's a smith, he was sick, so I blew the bellows for him, and though he had one foot in the grave, he had land to sell like the rest, and he guessed it was a grand improvement, that he would sell for 800 dollars, but cash in hand he guessed he would take 650; as soon as I got my iron work done, I guess I bid Mr. Labough a good day, for that was as much as I intended to bid him for his grand land 14 miles off, for I had now as much intention of staying in America, as the emperor of China has of embracing christianity. At three the new axle-tree was on, and my waggon loaded; my horse now refused to draw the waggon up the hills; he had served me this trick twice before; O! thinks I to myself, Mr. Yankee, you are now

going to play your tricks upon us travellers, are you? and as the state of my mind was now somewhat like that of a bear robbed of her whelps, it was rather a wrong time for my horse to declare his American independence; I told my wife to cut me three good hickery sticks, while I unharnessed him, for fear he should break the van, I then taught him more horn-pipes in 10 minutes, than ever Mr. Astley taught his horses in ten years, he cocked up his tail, he pricked up his ears, he leaped, he jumped, and plunged, but I gave him what the west countrymen call a belly, or rather a back full; never did I punish a horse as I punished this, and never did a horse more need that punishment. The rest of the road to Clover is better conceived than described, two horses were little enough, and three would not have been too many, at night we came to Fuller's, a smith, a perfect New York Yankee, I therefore kept on my guard. (37th day, Sunday)—Rested. The importunity of Fuller to get the lock off my gun was such as amounted to a demand for it, but this I not only refused, but took good care to load the gun well, and for reasons that justified my precautions; he then presented me one of the handsomest dirks I ever had in my hands, but I told him "No; I could not think of parting with the lock of my gun?" Curiosity brought several people here to see one from the old country, one observed that "England was not so fine a country as America, or why did the English fight so hard for the latter, and then get so shamefully beaten?" another asked me "if I was born within the sound of Bow bells?" what

had I got in my trunks, what did I give for my dear-born, horse, dog, and gun, with a number of other polite enquiries, which being answered, they wished the stranger a good day, and the stranger wished them the same, glad enough to get rid of them. (38th day) —Fuller removed and roughed my horse's shoes, as I had bad hills and roads before I came to the new road that is to lead from Franklin to Petersburg. At ten we started in a pelting shower of rain, in company with an Irishman, who had left his wife and five small children in Upper Canada, and was then looking for a better home for them; he travelled with us 3 days through the great wilderness of pines, 90 miles long; at three we stopped at a new tavern; a drove of cattle had passed on a little before, one of the beasts falling lame, the landlord had traded for it; this was the first meat we had seen in these wildernesses since we left Pittsburgh, if we except the dried sausages, and some mutton at Fuller's. At night we came to Barnett's tavern. The landlord was a well-behaved man, and had haul'd iron from Huntingdon furnace to various parts of the Union, when America had seen better days; here we found a drove of cattle, 180 in number, 6 drovers, and 2 master drovers, from the state of Ohio going down to Philadelphia, if the cattle were not previously sold to farmers on the roads. I went down to the creek to get a bucket of water for my horse; I was truly pleased to see so many fine geese, and asked the landlord's brother what he would sell me one for, he asked me what I would do with it, I told him I intended to cook and eat it; he laughed

heartily, and spoke with as much contempt of a goose as an Israelite would of a piece of swine's flesh, he guessed he never heard of eating such things as geese, they merely kept them for their feathers, they catch them 4 or 5 times a year, or more, pluck their feathers, and then set them at liberty again. (39th day)—We started at day break along a delightful road as far as it went; it is certainly a master piece of road making, inasmuch as these persons who contract for a section are bound that it shall not rise more than four and a half degrees in so many given rods; this makes it pleasant for the traveller; for this they receive as high as 5,000 and some 8,000 dollars per mile. After travelling all day, and seeing little else but sky and pines, we came to another new log hut dignified with the name of a tavern, and paid high for every thing, as might be expected in a wilderness. (40th day)—We came to Ball Eagle Creek, crossed another branch of the Juniata over a bridge 84 yards by 10, with a centre division to keep to the right as the law directs, (no toll.) At the bottom of a high mountain we stopped to breakfast at Clearfield, where our companion left us, and we made enquiry for one John Wooldridge, who had a beautiful farm, and a house 2 stories high, and where cattle would keep themselves nine months out of twelve, and so I was directed to cross the Susquehanna river, and turn off 9 miles from Clearfield, and enquire for Koiler's settlement. I then asked him if he knew Mr. Phillips and Lorain, he said he did, I asked him if he had read their letters, he said he had, and laughed heartily at the joke of their inviting

out settlers, saying, "they might as well throw their money into the ocean as to bring it to Phillipsburgh.

We then came to the river, here we found 6 or 8 workmen, and a Scotch foreman, building a new bridge; finding the water not more than 3 feet deep, I carefully led my horse through, telling my wife that I would come and hand her over as soon as I landed on the other side, but she thinking she could walk the planks, her foot slipped, and into the river she fell, no ways hurt, only a little wetter when she came out, than before she fell in; while she was wringing her clothes, I stopped on the rise, and was not a little amused with a fellow at plough, he went at the rate of 4 miles an hour. I asked him how much he could plough in a day at that rate; he *guessed* two acres; I *guessed* such ploughing as that would not do for an English farmer; he *guessed* I was from the old country; I *guessed* he was right. My wife then came up, and as she was wet without, and I was dry within, I *guessed* a dram of whiskey would do neither of us any harm. A few miles farther on I struck out of the road, left my wife at a log house, and borrowed a saddle, and rode 7 miles to Koiler's settlement; two miles beyond I found poor Wooldridge, after losing myself in the woods, (I hired a guide afterwards) through swamps, over trees blown down by the wind, W——e was so altered that I did not know him, and I *actually* asked him his name *twice*; he was then in the act of splitting for fences: he had a log cabin with one room, 2 beds, 2 children, 1 wife, 1 cow, a calf, a sow, a litter of

pigs, 7 acres of cleared land, but no wheat this year, a few sheaves of oats, no barn, stable, cow house, or shed, no ox, horse, mule, or ass, in the heart of a miserable wilderness; and his neighbours seemed to be but very little better off themselves. This was the man that wrote home to a respectable gentleman who keeps an academy at Ewell in Surry, stating a number of falsehoods to answer no other ends, than to delude others to undergo the same privations and misery that he is now suffering. Mrs. Wooldridge made me as comfortable as her situation would admit; she appeared to be in excellent spirits, talked loudly of the blessings of liberty, for now she could make her own candles. At night a Mr. Cutlow came in, and his 2 sons, men grown. Our conversation was all about liberty. (41st day)—Wooldridge and I took a walk to look at some land, for he took it for granted, that I intended to stay: there was white oak, red and black hickory, walnut, chesnut, iron wood, and maple pine, cucumber, and some others, but none of these trees were either saleable or eatable. We then paid Mr. Cutlow a visit, this man was from Dewsbury in Yorkshire, he brought £1,400 with him into America, had been down the Ohio, and to Silver Lake; he and his two sons declared Dr. Johnson to be an impostor, that the land was not what it had been represented, as there was neither money nor market; he then came to Philipsburgh, built a new barn, and a house, and fell out with Phillips, came over here, and bought the little improvement I then saw him upon, for 200 dollars, but not the land. Though these men lived in such

wretchedness and poverty, with no woman to do any thing for them, no society to converse with, but Wooldridge and his wife and two or three others, no meat to eat, nor beer, ale, cider, wine, rum, or brandy to drink, neither barley, malt, or hog peas, 9 miles from any town or village, they would talk to me of liberty and independence, and persuade me to stop with them; I left them in their muck and dirt, baking a buck wheaten cake in a Dutch iron pot, and I firmly believe they had neither tea, coffee, nor whiskey to wash it down; at least they offered me none. I then returned to my wife, and told her the result of my visit and observations. Wooldridge came 3 miles back with me, and gave me to understand that one of the Cutlow's wrote the letter above alluded to; I made him little or no answer, for I was cut to the heart, to see a man so destitute, whom I had once seen surrounded with every comfort and convenience of this life; and so far from upbraiding him with the letter, I shook hands with him in the most cordial manner, considering him in the situation of a poor wretched exile, far removed from his native land, and without one sincere friend in whom he could confide, with a wife and 2 helpless children, for whom he must go out on hire, and thrash wheat for their subsistence this winter. "Farewell Wooldridge," said I, I spurred my horse into the woods, and could not refrain weeping at his situation.

During my absence the drove of hogs, that had passed us on Sunday morning arrived, the drovers tried to persuade my wife to put two of our trunks into

their waggon, and they would give us a lift over the mountains ; this proposal she declined, and we saw neither hogs nor men any more on this or the other side of the mountains. I told my wife to tell these hog merchants, that I thanked them for the *kindness* they intended me as much as if I had it, if ever she should see them again.

We now directed our steps towards Philipsburgh, so much written about by villainous land jobbers ; it is a village, and not a town ; the land is mostly covered with stones, and the greater part is pine, which is the worst of land, and yet this is the delightful slopes of the Aleghany ; it is not so unhealthy as many parts of Pennsylvania I admit, but it is by no means calculated for an English farmer, no, nor yet a Dutch one, inasmuch as it is in the very heart of a large wilderness, far removed from towns or villages, consequently no change of society, without which life itself becomes a burden ; it is also an infant state, and will of course require vast sums of money and labour to complete what is intended by Mr. Phillips and his shoals of sharks of land jobbing friends, whom I consider in no other light than a gang of kidnappers and plunderers, working upon the credulity of Englishmen, who are ever ready to believe a man can jump into a quart bottle, when he cannot find his way into a puncheon, or find a horse's tail where his head should be. (42d day)—As the new road went no farther, we struck into the woods again, passed 6 labourers clearing land for new comers. Phillips was then gone to England, and was expected to return in November,

and to bring with him 20 families and his bride: I give her much joy, that is when she finds it in this land of Exiles ; thus musing upon the present posture of our affairs and those of my deluded countrymen, the bolt of my wagon came in contact with the stump of a tree, down came my van, I rode back directly and got it mended, and also a new bolt in the event of another accident. Six miles farther on we passed the barn that Cutlow built near two 10 acre swamps at the bottom of a lonely mountain, a horrible place indeed ; no wonder poor Cutlow left it, I observed as he had some books with him, no doubt he had read,

“ Oh solitude, where is the charm,
That sages have seen in thy face,
Better dwell in the midst of alarm
Than reign in this horrible place.”

At eleven I began my task, and ascended the mountains, my horse was in good condition, and ever since he and I had come to a right understanding, he had prudently left his Yankee tricks behind him, so that by four we had travelled 12 miles, and very good work it was. We stopped at Stophel Moor's to sleep at the bottom of another lonely mountain. The people here were preparing for Ohio, and taking me for a pedlar, they offered trade with me, as they had three gold watches to dispose of, this I declined ; nor were these the first people that had offered me gold watches in these wildernesses. Stophel told me his horses had died this and last year, that the land was not good for wheat, as it was both stony and barren ; he then shewed me wagon loads of stones in his orchard, and told me that he had been obliged to purchase three bushels of wheat already since harvest, and sometimes he had

12 miles to fetch straw for his cattle, that he was determined to "shell his place as soon as he could find a fool pig enough to puy it, that there vas English peoples did stop at his house going over de mountains, it vas a coot place for a man to go to to loose de monies, he did hear there vas 20 families coming out dis month, he vas very sorry to hear dat, for de shake of de poor vomans, and de little shilds." (43d day)—We left honest Stophel Moor, who charged us very moderately for every thing, and we ascended another mountain; it was absolutely dangerous, and when we descended it, I fully expected to see our wagon dashed to pieces, and the trunks go rolling down the mountains; the horse now no longer able to stem the weight of the wagon, rushed down on a hard trot, and as I durst not quit my hold of the bridle, he dragged me down the mountain with him, and for about 10 minutes I would not have given 10 dollars for the whole concern; as soon as I got to the bottom, I looked round for my wife, who had chosen a more humble pace. I then examined my dearborn, to see if all the four wheels were on safe, and I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw there were no screws loose, and all right. I told my wife I should certainly make application on arrival in England to be admitted into the four-in-hand club, for now I considered myself qualified to crack a whip with all the Jehus and Jarvises in the united kingdom. We then rattled on to the warrior's mark, where the Indians painted the trees red, when at war with the English and other Christians. Here is a tavern, and a smith's forge, but "no money" was the complaint, the journeyman smith got nothing but board and lodging for his labour, he had formerly earned one dollar and a half per day,

but now he lived at the sign of the *Case was altered*. During this time my wife was in conversation with the landlady and her amiable daughter, she deplored the plan Mr. Phillips had adopted in deluding respectable families to that settlement, where she was convinced that nothing but ruin could follow. It is worthy of remark, and it reflects honor upon the American women, generally speaking, that they have at all times more candour than the men; as for the latter, with a few exceptions, they are the greatest set of lying rascals I ever was among; the craft of the Chinese, the wiles of the Italians, the fickleness of the French, and the treachery of the Spaniards are completely blended in their characters, while their national vanity knows no bounds, and as for those wolves, hyenas, and horned snakes the English land jobbers, they deserve to be shot with as little remorse as the banditti upon the Alleghany mountains, or the Algerine pirates in the Mediterranean. Passed over 2 more mountains, and had to cut my way through the woods, and to fill up holes, washed with the rain, to prevent my wagon upsetting. Came to Spruce creek and ascended, and then descended to the sickly waters of the Juniata, which were of a filthy green. We had now to prepare to go through those towns and villages that had been inoculated by these stagnant waters, and drove along the narrows swampy and muddy with an enormous chain of rocks hanging over our heads; to cut these roads, or even to blast them with powder must have been a work of time, and cost vast sums of money. We met a man well mounted and clad, who warned us to avoid the taverns as much as possible, as there were but few but what had 10 or 12 sick inmates. My wife having fallen lame, and my own feet being much

cut and swelled, we determined to stop at the first house we came to until Monday morning. We stopped at a Mr. Zeff's mill, who with his two brothers conducted a flour and a saw mill; they were men of superior education, and they proved themselves men of humanity, they entertained us in the most friendly manner from Saturday night to Monday morning, nor would Mr. Zeff accept of one cent, he did at last accept of a new hand saw, but presented me with half a dollar, and a bottle of excellent whiskey, for he was also a distiller. (44th day, Sunday)—We rested. It rained all day and night, my wife was taken into the house to sleep, and they invited me in also, but I chose to sleep in the wagon, to be ready for a start in the morning, I laid some straw under the wagon for Bob, and told him to give a good look out; he always let me know in time, if there was any mischief abroad.

(45th day)—We had an excellent breakfast, there was Mr. Ziff and his two brothers, his wife, the miller, apprentice, carpenter, my wife, and self; a drop of whiskey and bitters was then handed round, which I did not refuse, for I was chilly and wet owing to the rain that fell all night. We then started, that is to say, self and wife, Yankee, and Bob, as fresh as larks, and came to Petersburg; it is a dirty straggling village of log cabins, unhealthy and swampy. There are some iron works here, and we had also passed some on Saturday, but all very dull.

I stopped to get my boot mended. Poor Crispin complained there was plenty of orders, but no cash, his house rent was 20 dollars per annum; he purposed to go on the tramp in a week or two to some more fortunate spot than Petersburg, to ask if there was any "*occasion*." Bachelor's tax 25 cents. We next passed

Huntingdon furnace; here were evident proofs that these works had *once* been in a flourishing condition from the quantity of clinkers, and the extent of buildings, but every thing now was as still as the solemn hour of midnight; the bars, bolts, and padlocks on the doors were decaying with rust, while a deep settled gloom was stamped upon the countenances of those who were deprived of employment for themselves and families. At mid-day we came to Huntingdon, it may be considered a large town in America, the streets are laid out at right angles; there is a small market house, but no meat exposed for sale; it has somewhat the air of Pittsburgh, but their filthy streets are a disgrace to the whole town, independent of the foul waters of the Juniata, it is no wonder the people are visited with fevers. There are no bakers in this town, the inhabitants bake their own bread. I met with an English widow, then in mourning for her husband, she invited us to her house, this we declined, for though there are no bakers in this town, there was plenty of dead men. Came to Henderson's township full of Dutch farms in a high state of cultivation; land offered for sale 20 dollars per acre, but no purchasers, one and all seemed to have short allowances of cash; the Indian corn, buck wheat, and potatoes were complained of, as not yielding their usual abundance.

Stopped in the valley to sleep. A Dutch lady, whose name I understood to be Madam Van Tromp, entered into conversation with my wife, she fell in love with our tea kettle, and gladly would she have given us money for it, but she had none of that precious metal; the tea kettle, however, she must have, so I left the ladies to settle the bargain how they thought

proper, and went to my supper. Seven yards of cloth were then produced, as was the tea kettle, while a venerable judge with a tremendous large beard pronounced it to be a fair bargain. Mrs. P— was well pleased with her cloth, and Madam Van Tromp with her tea kettle. (46th day)—We struck our tent, and departed in peace along their beautiful valley, whose inhabitants wear their large beards and keep up the traditions, manners, customs, and religion of their forefathers, and who seldom condescend to open their mouths, unless they wanted information with regard to the western country, they would then put question after question, with the rapidity of our learned counsellors in Westminster Hall.

The next scene was that of distress, we were invited into a log house by a woman who instantly closed the door upon us, and requested us to be seated; all seemed to be mystery and secrecy, and we were at a loss to comprehend what was to follow; she unlocked the drawers, then a chest to shew some wearing apparel, a testament, and requested me to write my name and that of her husband. Alas! poor Betsy Lindsey, reason had lost its empire over thy brain. She had attended a camp meeting, she had shouted with them that shouted, she was now far advanced in a state of pregnancy, the wife of an unhappy man, and the wretched mother of three poor children. Farther on we stopped to sleep at a smith's, who was grinding of axes, he had lost 3 horses, that had died of some disease, whose dead carcasses were then very offensive to the nasal organs, and as he foolishly suffered me to put Yankee into his stable, I was fearful of his catching the disease and die; I should then have been in a centre of distress.

(47th day)—This morning we had some conversation with a young man teaching in a school; he was from Manchester; he got paid with whiskey and grain, but not a word about cash. I had some doubts in my mind whether this was not the young Watson who escaped in the Venus. Stopped at Brown's mills, and sold my pointer dog to a Mr. M'Clelland for 3 dollars and a bottle of whisky, and no bad bargain on either side, as he wanted a dog for sporting, and I wanted the dollars to pay turnpikes. Here lived a Mr. Oliver, a stone mason from Yorkshire; his son told me I should find his father on the road, building a small bridge; I did so, he told me if he had known what America had been, I had not seen him that day standing his own labourer; he had sunk considerable sums of money. Shortly after we left him, we met several hundreds of people going to choose and ordain a priest, dressed out in their best "bibs and tuckers;" they had every appearance of Portuguese and Spaniards, and they bore in their countenances evident marks of an obstinate and violent fever; when I came to contemplate these people I did not wonder at the drovers whom we left on the other side of the mountains going another route to avoid Lewes town and the Juniata river, the seats of sickness; as soon as I came to the edge of the town I stopped, and took a good swig of Mr. M'Clelland's whiskey, and made my wife do the same, I then went into the Juniata Gazette office, and asked the printer a number of questions, the nature of the sickness, how many had died, what number was yet sick and the like, he flew into a violent passion, and told me to keep the paper, and to go to a *hot* place. So we came to Miffling to sleep, where was plenty of land, and plenty of applications for the office of sheriff to sell it. Much sickness pre-

vailed here, and poverty their next door neighbour. (48th day)—We came to Mexico, founded, ten years since; there is a good tavern, a store and a mill. I bought some good white wine of Mr. Thomson, store keeper and postmaster, and I changed my 3 dollar note, for I had some doubts of its being genuine. Mexico is a miserable place if we exclude the tavern, store and mill; with dirty houses, broken windows, while old rags, bags, bolsters, hats, pillows, flannel petticoats, and old garments were crammed in to keep the weather out. We left the people here preparing to bury their dead, and passed on through Youngstown, a long straggling town, but more miserable than any we had yet seen, in point of poverty and sickness. On the hill we met a young man with a coffin made of the chesnut, highly polished, which at first sight appeared like mahogany, the upper part rises in the form of a cone, it was well finished without any gaudy nails or handles; the mourners fell in as the body passed to the grave, and the last act of a neighbour is truly conspicuous by the numbers that attend. I attended several of their funerals in the city, one was a Catholic, and to the honour of Americans be it spoken, I never saw that beastly intemperance among them, I have seen among the affected and hired mourners in England. Forded a branch of the Juniata, nearly half a mile at Rider's ferry, and slept near Zinn's mill, all Dutch; every one at this mill was afflicted with agues, fevers, and dumb agues, we were tormented all night with legions of insects. The people were extremely brutish, notwithstanding they were ready to tumble into the grave; we therefore tumbled into our wagon; sleep was out of the question. (49th day)—Cold and heavy fogs rose from the Juni-

ata. I left the miller's daughters shivering with agues, feeding their cows with salt and bran. Passed a family, nine in number, not one was able to thrash a bushel of oats, or feed the cattle. The scenes of misery were such as to cut the heart of a stone. Crossed the Susquehannah at Clerk's ferry, paid 50 cents, a snug tavern, and well furnished, a Mr. Bird had stopped at this house, and his lady, with two of the loveliest children, the landlord said, he ever beheld, that those children had since caught the fever, and died at Philipsburgh, and that Mrs. Bird was distracted for the loss of her children. The conduct of Mr. Phillips was also condemned by an American then in the boat. The river is from 5 to 10 feet deep, its waters are not wholesome to drink, and the stream running but one way, it is consequently unfavourable to navigation. Landed and mended my pace along the narrows, for if two wagons should meet, one must go over the rocks, and into the river, as it was my lot to keep to the right, as the law directs. Dined at the General Greene, and made the best of our way to Fousté; here was misery upon misery, coffins and grave-diggers flying in all directions; heard of the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Caroline queen of England. Ran along the banks of the Susquehannah on a good road, and slept within one mile of Harrisburgh; the Dutch as usual not over agreeable.

(50th day)—We came a second time to Harrisburgh; the meat in the market was poorly fed, and badly slaughtered; nothing to be found like Philadelphia as yet; they were selling goods and chattels by auction, near the market-place, a young horse went off for 17 dollars. We then passed through Elizabeth town and slept a second time 3 miles beyond it at a smith's.

a Dutchman, a kind old man, his wife also was kind and daughters, but his sons belonged to the grunter tribe, however, the father made them mind what he said to them. (51st day, Sunday)—Rested all day, bathed my feet with whiskey and salt, and they healed fast. (52d day)—Crossed the great Brandy Wine river, had pelting showers of rain all day, which set the mills going. In some parts of the country we had come through, the people had been obliged to carry their corn 17 miles to a mill, and then wait some days until their turn came, and this generally the case every dry season: as for wind-mills they are but little known in America, but report says that Mr. Birkbeck has actually built a *wind-mill*, if so, no doubt he will work it well, and thereby outwit the Americans, particularly if he should be as successful in that way as the immortal Quixote. Came into Luccock township, sickness prevailed, the cup of human misery seemed almost full, I visited a number of the sick houses, and the poor people appeared thankful for the visit and I distributed a few segars to smoke, however I nearly paid dear for my imprudence, for I was seized with a sensation I cannot well describe, but it went off with vomiting; besides the fever, ague, and dumb ague many were carried off with the black vomit, at least it sometimes so terminated. We stopped within 6 miles of New Holland.

(53d day)—Nearly all night there were arriving a number of people, mounted with saddle bags, I got up long before day-light to see what was going on, and was not a little amused seeing a Dutch butcher cutting up a *beef* into junks, each man took what he wanted, and away he rode home with it 8, 10, or 12 miles, and they all guessed it was a grand *beef*,

(an American breeze) but I guessed they made a grand mistake, for we had some of it for breakfast, and no bull or cow 20 years old, could be tougher than it was, notwithstanding my appetite and grinders were in excellent condition. Having hastily swallowed our grand beef, we came to New Holland; it has good stores, a tavern, public buildings and a market house, but the dogs are an insufferable nuisance, as they are in all the towns and villages in this great state. Crossed the Welsh mountain, and came into a valley abounding with well cultivated farms, the inhabitants mostly Dutch; stopped at a store where an election was going on, the people were all as still as mice, and democratic was the order of the day. Slept at Stoney Hollow near Wagon town. (54th day)—A grey-headed old man stopped us, and asked me what I gave for my dearborn and horse, as he wanted just such a one to carry him down the Ohio; I told him he had better stay where he was, if he knew when he was well off, for I thought he stood more in need of a coffin at his time of life, than to rattle his poor old bones in a wild goose chase down the Ohio, unless it was his intention to join Messrs. Johnson, Lorain, Phillips, Rose, Jennings, Birkbeck, and Co. and so work the gold mines with them, or manufacture the philosopher's stone, or start the perpetual motion, but if ever he should see Mr. Birkbeck he might give my *kind* respects to him, and tell him that he had met with a man who was now 150 guineas the worse for his letters and notes, that he wrote about his paradise at the Illinois, and so wished him a good day.

Slept at the second sign of General Green: the landlord had land to sell; at least the sheriff would take the trouble off his hands, and sell it for him. Land had been worth 70 and 80 dollars, but now it

would fetch but 20 per acre. (55th day)—Passed Downing town. White wine dearer than in England. I travelled the old Chester road, which is both pleasanter and cheaper than the new road; the wagoners gave me this hint.

(56th day)—Arrived in Philadelphia, which I was as glad to see as ever I was the city of London. Slept in our wagon that night, in the front of old Kendrick's house in Market Street.

(57th day)—Put up at the Bull's head in Market Street; I then went into the market and found it as before, well stocked with every thing good for food for man, if I except mutton, butter, peaches, potatoes and beer.

PRICE OF PROVISIONS, &c.

	dol. cts.		dol. cts.
Beef	0 8	Coats.....	25 0
Mutton	0 6	Hats.....	from 3 to 10
Lamb	0 6	Empty room.....	1 0
Pork	0 7	House rent from 100 to 1000	
Pair of Fowls	0 50	Hackney-coach, per day.....	6 0
Turkey	0 70	Horse at livery.....	3 0
Veal	0 7	Horse shod.....	1 25
Ham.....	0 10	Oats, per bushel.....	0 30
Bread	0 14	Hay, per ton.....	18 0
Butter.....	from 25 to 30	Carriage of goods to	
Milk, per quart.....	0 5	Pittsburgh and Wheel-	
Potatoes, per bushel ..	0 60	ing, per cwt.....	4 0
Sweet ditto	0 70	Good horses from 40 to	
Onions	0 45	100 dollars.	
Cabbage, each	0 3	Militia, a fine.....	3 0
Oranges, ditto.....	0 10	Dog tax.....	1 0
Salt, per bushel.....	1 0	Housekeeper's ditto....	25 0
Port Wine, per bottle.	1 10	Personal tax.....	2 0
White, ditto.....	0 60	Wood, per cord, in sum-	
Draft, ditto.....	0 50	mer.....	3 0
Beer, per quart	0 12	Ditto in Winter	9 0
Boots	7 0	Drunken man fined....	2 0
Shoes.....	2 10	Bachelor's tax	1 0

Old maids are not taxed, for there are none in that holy city, they are as pure as Vestal Virgins.

(91st day)—The ninety-first day of my being in America I met Joseph Waghorn of Ewell, whom I advised to return, but I might as well have whistled to the wind, he bought my dearborn and horse, and was then going to Wheeling: he put up at the waggon and horses in Market Street, where he was robbed of a trunk of books value £20.

As my time now grew short, I visited the Philadelphia museum, and confess I was not a little disappointed, as it is positively with very few exceptions a mere school-boy collection: the exhibition of the pictures of departed heroes is well enough, but as for the hogs, dogs, nanny goats and nelly goats, and the magic lantern exhibiting the heavenly bodies, Punch and lady, an old man courting an old maid, a lawyer and his agent, Darby and Joan, the Devil and the Baker, with a tremendous large skeleton of a mammoth, this they guessed was grand for 25 cents. Now if they were to take a besom and sweep out all this rubbish, and convert this Punch and Judy shop into an hospital, then indeed they would shew the Samaritan's humanity instead of empty national vanity, but no, a museum they must have to be like the rest of the nations. I then took a drive to the Schuylkill falls. The next place that I visited was the Asylum founded by the immortal Penn, 12½ cents.—it has a snug apothecaries shop on the right, and an elegant little library on the left. I went up a flight of stairs, and saw some comfortable wards, and patients therein. Strangers are very properly not allowed to see the insane patients. It is the only one in this city, and I believe in all this great state. Wm. Penn's statue stands in the court as large as life. West's painting (25 cents) of Christ healing the sick, next at-

tracted my attention, it is the best of the kind I ever saw, either at St. John's Church Malta, Messina, Palermo, or any where else. The original I believe is in London, which is gall to the Yankees; they guessed they ought to have had it, and no doubt they would, but Mr. West well knew, on which side of the Atlantic the cash was to be found. England is the place for men of science, and not America, London and not Philadelphia. I went into two courts of law, in the upper court I saw a juryman give an answer to a note; the nephew of the celebrated Washington was sitting there as judge, and the London practice was cited by the pleaders or counsellors. I next visited the Tivoli gardens, and the theatre; they were by no means grand: the character of King Richard the Third by a Mrs. Williams; they guessed she did it better than Kean himself, who had given such offence to the admirers of the drama, that he is now honoured with a caricature in some of the stores in the city. I next went on board three of their elegant steam boats; they have certainly brought them to great perfection; one of these arrived from Cape May in nine hours and twenty minutes, a distance of 90 miles. I then crossed over the Camden in a boat worked by nine horses, and returned in another worked by steam.

I then took a walk to the very spot where the immortal Penn is said to have signed the treaty with the Indians; the tree is now converted into snuff-boxes, a smith's forge stands nearly on the spot. I also saw an engine worked by 45 men, that threw water 190 feet. I went with my wife to the Protestant church, the only one in Philadelphia; the service and doctrine is nearly the same as the established church of England, it is a small handsome building with elegant pews, pulpit and an altar corresponding, it was well attended with very

respectable people; the ladies were magnificently dressed in Canton crapes, or white dresses with Leghorn bonnets, parasols, and some had painted faces.

A bishop rules the Protestant churches, he was ordained in England, agreeable to the wish of Queen Charlotte, consort to George III. bears an excellent character. There is a good peal of bells that were cast in England. I went next into three Methodist meetings, at two of them the preaching was conducted in a very sober manner, but at the third there was such hallooing and bawling, that they would persuade one that the Omnipotent judge of heaven and earth was deaf; nor was this confined to the minister alone. I therefore took my hat in hand and went into the Black meeting; there it was worse—Glory, glory, glory resounded from all parts of the meeting, and salvation with a number of hops, skips, and jumps; which made them sweat and stink like a parcel of dog foxes, yet for all this the sable preacher declared he saw the Devil coming in, so I thought it was high time for the baker to go out. I then went to the Navy yard, and stept on board the North Carolina, she is a noble vessel rated at 74, but will mount 114 guns and swivels, she is as large, if not larger than any three decker in the British navy. The impolicy of building such large ships as these is now acknowledged by nearly the whole Union, and I am fully convinced, what with the jarrings of the Federalists and Democrats, the crippled state of their commerce, an empty treasury, and a sickly country, so far from their manning a navy, they are plunged into such difficulties as will take them a century and a half at least to extricate themselves, admitting they were carriers to the rest of the nations during that period, and as for their trade to China and the East Indies, that is

a losing concern every one knows, that is acquainted with American affairs.

Having neglected the advice of Washington their father, and other heroes of the revolution, who are falling like the leaves in autumn, this infant nation has aspired to be put on the list as a nation of warriors, the bitter cup of which they are now drinking from one end of the Union to the other, while their little navy that is dispersed in various parts of the globe to protect their trade, must of course be a great drawback upon that trade, setting aside new fortifications, cutting of canals, new roads, building magnificent bridges, and a number of other Herculean undertakings, which nothing but unison of the people, commerce, the life of nations, and vast sums of money can possibly accomplish.

I have often heard it said that America has a cheap government, and indeed I believed it to be so myself, until I rubbed a little eye-salve of American experience over my poor blind eyes, and I say that the American government is not a cheap government by any means, but a very dear one, there is neither an assembly man nor a congress man, federalist or democrat, that will go a fathom to serve the people, unless they receive their 5 dollars for the one, and eight dollars for the other for each day's work, and all other traveling expences paid, and we have already seen a man with a farm of 350 acres of land with a large family of twelve, working from Monday morning to Saturday night, ready to burst their very heart-strings to keep body and soul together, not tasting a morsel of meat for 13 days, living upon apples, apple dumplings, sour milk, mush, Indian corn, melons, and other trash, which makes them as weak as water, and as slim as a rush-light candle, not a dollar in the world to buy a bushel of salt with; yet these people must

find cash for their representatives, if not the sheriff will soon let the public know when there will be a vendue; and I can make it appear from their own writing in numberless other instances of poverty and misery not yet known in England, and consequently I maintain it is not a cheap but a dear government. There are 13,000 paupers in New York, and nearly as many in Philadelphia, 1188 people thrown out of employment at Pittsburgh, and 7188 in the city (Philadelphia), and 25,000 have gone back to cultivate the woods in the west. But Mr. M****, that lying old hypocrite, their P*****, has tried to keep all this in the back ground, but he has not succeeded. I have a good many more nuts to crack yet about America; but am afraid the limits of my paper will not admit of it here, however, I will let my countrymen have as much as I can afford and then do as they think proper.

Nor is there less pride, vanity, and laziness in a house in this city, than was in those of Spain after the Peruvian slaughter; more coxcombs are to be seen in the streets, than ever trod Bond-street with not one-tenth part of the cash to support it, while their domestic clothing is looked upon by them as a polluted garment, purple and fine linen, to the exclusion of their own and often to the ruin of the English manufacturer, with Italian fiddlers, French dancing masters, English and Irish actors, and sharpers with paints and perfumes for their wives and wenches, and gold watches for back woodsmen, while the Dutch boor is suffered to seize upon the best plantations, yet all this might have been pardonable, if they had been carriers to the nations two centuries longer, but they not only seem to have forgotten a state of mutability arising from war, but they seem also to have forgotten

the order of nature, they thought their sun would never set, that the clouds would never gather over their heads, that the thunder would never roll, and that the rain would never descend upon them, but like some unthinking traveller, who had not made ample provision to cross a dangerous desert, or an improvident mariner, who steers his bark among breakers at noon-day, so it is with this infant nation, notwithstanding all the false gloss of hired writers and borrowed names, the infamous but cruel misrepresentations of interested and villainous English and American land jobbers, whose prostituted pens have done more harm in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, than the poisoned bowl, or the assassin's dagger.

Still all powerful truth must and will have way, as sure as the silver stream finds its level from the bowels of secrecy, their secret is fast coming out, the cloven foot is appearing, the wings of the haughty proud eagle are clipped, their sun has set, the clouds have gathered, the roar of the thunder is now heard at home, the rain has descended upon them, and like a forlorn traveller in the desert, or the heedless mariner with his bark dashed to atoms, so these people stand aghast at their situation from one end of the Union to the other. As for their national character it is, with some few excep-

tions, of a very dark complexion; undutiful children, extravagant wives, insolent helps and exonerated perjuries, while gambling and duelling are the order of the day; and as for dirks and daggers they are worn in most parts of the Union, as common as the scalping knife is by the savages in a state of nature; the curse of the slave trade feeds upon their vitals, like an incurable cancer, while the legislature has no more power to enforce its abolition than a man would have.

to defend himself in a kennel of hounds infected with hydrophobia.

The hut of the Indian hunter is no where to be seen for 500 miles up the country, while the names of Warrior's-mark and Bloody-run remind us that the creeks, woods, and wildernesses, are stained with their unoffending blood, which is not yet purged from the threshold of those who shed it.

Thus, my countrymen, I have stated to you what I have to say about America, in a plain and comprehensive manner, and "such as I have give I unto thee." I have made it plain to the comprehension of the ploughman, the philosopher, the sage, the statesman, the politician, and the speculator; and to such sagacious persons as have done me the injustice to say I was employed by the British government, with other little anecdotes, I say "go and see for yourselves."

Having been in America 123 days, the ship *Lancaster*, commanded by Captain Buckhart, a humane man, and as excellent a seaman as ever cracked a biscuit, but a chief mate, who possessed qualifications directly opposite. We left Philadelphia the last day of November, 1821, and arrived in 20 days and a half at Liverpool, where I found every thing cheaper than in America if I except tea, salt, apples, peaches, and melons, and with regard to the price of flour, we found it all an American hoax about the ports being open, and the people of England starving for bread. I then took lodgings at No. 46, Old Hall Street.

Farewell to thy wilds, and adieu to thy hills,
Thy sick Juniata, and wood-cutting mills,
For ne'er shall I wander thy woodlands again,
Among pine trees, where silence and gloominess reign.

Thy forests and tree-stumps, thy marshes and bogs,
Thy shingled roof cabins, and sun-veiling fogs,

Thy cold rocky soil, and thy winters severe
With little but whiskey to serve you for cheer.

When on the wide ocean I sail far away,
I'll think of thy woods, and for England I'll pray,
As we quit thy sick shores, and a tar heaves the log,
Old England for ever he cries o'er his grog.

Having staid here one week we set off for London, slept at the Bell Sauvage on Ludgate Hill, from thence to Alton in Hampshire, where I left my wife, and proceeded to the Isle of Wight, where I found people all agog for America. I went directly to Shalfleet farm, and discharged that confidence that had been reposed in me by Mrs. H**** of 10th Street, Philadelphia. I remained there three weeks, and was treated like a prince by Mr. P****, who told me to make his house my own, during my stay on the island; also Messrs. A****, H****, C****, Y****, and S****, for whose kindness to me, a perfect stranger, I feel respect and gratitude.

Extract from Matthew Cary's publication.

"At the end of 30 years of its operation, this government finds its debt increased 20,000,000 dollars, and its revenue inadequate to its expenditure; the national domain impaired, and 20,000,000 of its proceeds expended, 35,000,000 drawn from the people by internal taxation, 341,000,000 by imposts, yet the public treasury, dependant upon loans, in profound peace, and without any national calamity, the country impoverished with debts, and real estates under rapid depreciation, the market for agriculture, the of manufactures diminished, and decliuing commerce struggling not to return, the carrying the produce of other countries but our own.

"There is no national interest that is in an healthful, thriving condition—the nation at large is not so,

the operations of government and individuals alike labour under difficulties which are felt by all, and for which some remedy must be discovered. It is not a common occurrence in the history of nations in peace, that a people should call on a government to relieve their distresses, the government to reciprocate the call to relieve them, both marching to poverty or wealth alike in the same road; on the same principles their expenses exceeding their receipts.—(See the Report of the Committee of Manufactures, January 5th, 1821.)

“Agricultural produce has fallen so low in the interior as not to afford an indemnification for the labour and capital it requires, nor will its price rise. Carriage 150 miles, the farmers are in these parts almost destitute of a circulating medium, and obliged to transact their business by barter, they are harrassed with law-suits, executions of property at one half, one-third, and one quarter of its real value, besides private debts to a most oppressive amount, a considerable portion of the farmers in the western states, and the interior of New York are indebted to government for instalments on their lands which they are destitute of the means of paying for, and which they have no hopes of ever being able to pay.—(page 17, of the Report, &c.)

“Many farmers cultivate lands, which cost 20, 30, 40, and even 50 dollars per acre, of which they sell the produce at 25 cents. per bushel for wheat, 12 to 14 for oats, and all other articles in the same proportion.—(page 8.)

“Numerous sacrifices of landed property at sheriff's sales, where houses and lands have been sold at one-third of their former value, whereby thousands of industrious farmers have been driven to seek in the uncultivated woods and forests in the west, that shel-

ter they have been deprived of in their native states.—
(page 8.)

“A general scarcity of money throughout the country, a general suspension of labour, an almost entire cessation of the usual circulating of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business.

“An universal suspension of all manufacturing operations, usurious extortions, the overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, numerous law-suits upon the dockets of our courts of law, a general inability of the community to meet with punctuality the payment of their debts even for family expenses, vexatious losses arising from the depreciation and fluctuation in the value of bank notes, the imposition of brokers and the frauds of counterfeiters.—(7th sect. page 9.)

“Last year we talked of the difficulty of paying for our lands; this year how to exist; the struggle is not now for property, but for making a few necessary articles of life, without which we must become a miserable and a barbarous people, the children in the log cabins freezing in the winter storm, the fathers without coats or shoes to enable them to perform the necessary labours of the inclement season.—
(page 15.)

“Wheat without price on sale, and flour scarcely saleable even at 3 dollars; neither of these articles will pay from the western country this year.

“However extraordinary or unpalatable it may be I will risk the consequences of stating a bold truth, that more distress than is here displayed might be sought for in vain under some of the worst governments in Europe.—(page 15.)

“During the war our exports were reduced within very narrow bounds. War was declared in June 1812; peace signed 28th December, 1814. The exports in

1812, were 30,032,100 dollars ; it is impossible to say what proportion was shipped before the declaration of war.

“ I shall omit that year, and compare the exports of 1813 and 1814 with those of the subsequent years in order to decide this important question, and to evince the very unstable foundation on which rests the opinion I have undertaken to combat.—(page 18.)

“ The domestic exports in 1813	-	25,008,152
1814	-	6,782,272
		<hr/>
		31,790,424
		<hr/>

being an average of less than sixteen millions per annum, the domestic exports since the war have been

in 1815	-	45,974,403
1816	-	64,781,896
1817	-	68,313,500
1818	-	73,854,437
1819	-	50,976,833
1820	-	50,683,640
		<hr/>

354,584,714

being an average of nearly 60 millions, or almost four times as much as the average of the exportation during the war, since the transition may be said to have produced our misery.—(Page 21.)

“ The capital of more banks chartered in 1814, by being drained of cash or have been unable to support their credit by cash payments, is about 1,800,000 dollars. To ascribe the mass of suffering under which this mighty state is agitated to the operations of these, and indeed to all the banks united, would be as absurd as to ascribe the death of a man, who had been two years taking slow poison to a slight fever. of-

“ The currency of the United States has in the space of 3 years been reduced from 110,000,000 of dollars

to 45,000,000 of dollars, and this reduction exceeds 50 ~~per~~ cent. of the whole circulation of 1815.—(Page 22 and 23.)

“The only drain to which the metallic currency was subject, was the demand for it for the prosecution of trade to the East Indies and China, in this trade specie being the principal commodity and indispensable to its prosecution, the amount exported during five years was very great, and seriously affected the amount of circulation by compelling the banks to diminish their discounts.—(Page 24.)

“There has been 130,000,000 of dollars excess of importation in 6 years.

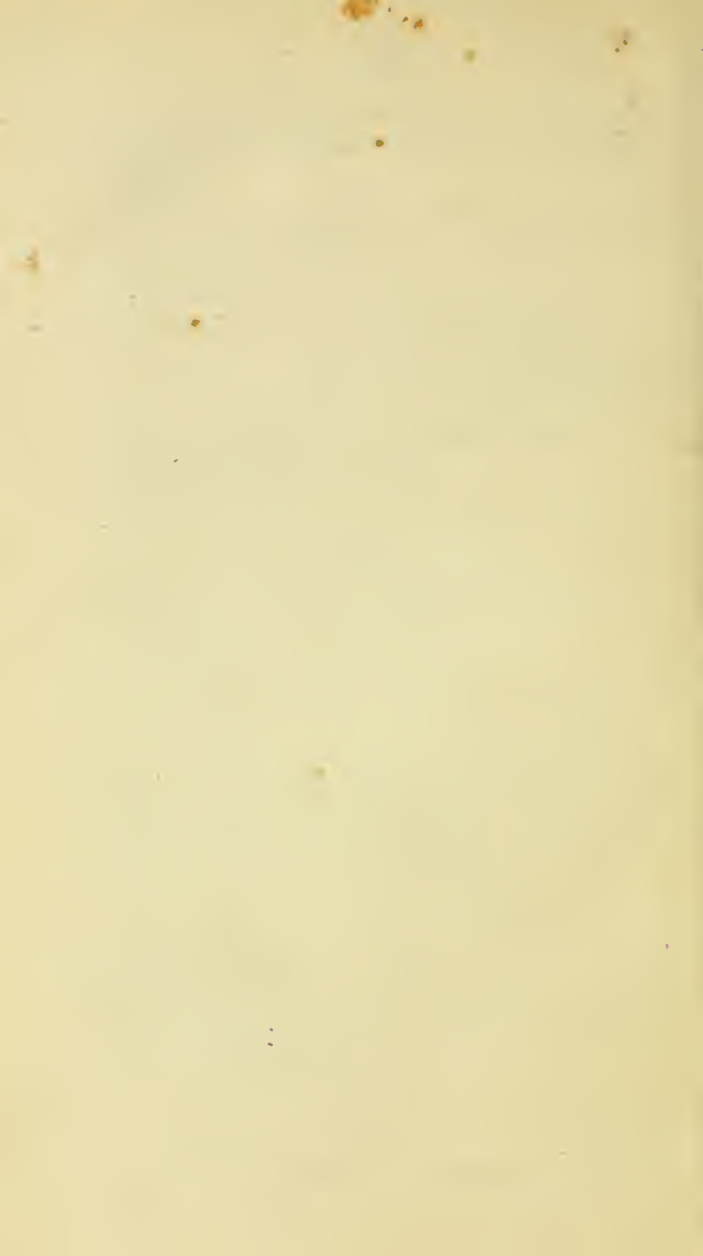
“In 1817 and 1818, the bank of the United States of America, at the enormous expence of 525,927 dollars, imported 7,311,750 in specie, but nearly as fast as it arrived, it was swept off into the unfathomable gulf of this exhausting commerce the Obiner trade.

“All intelligent writers upon currency agree, that where it is decreasing in amount, poverty and misery must proceed, as there is no recorded example in the history of nations of a reduction in the currency so rapid and so extensive, but few examples have occurred of distress so general and so severe, as that which has been exhibited in the United States of America.—Report of the secretary of the treasury on currency.

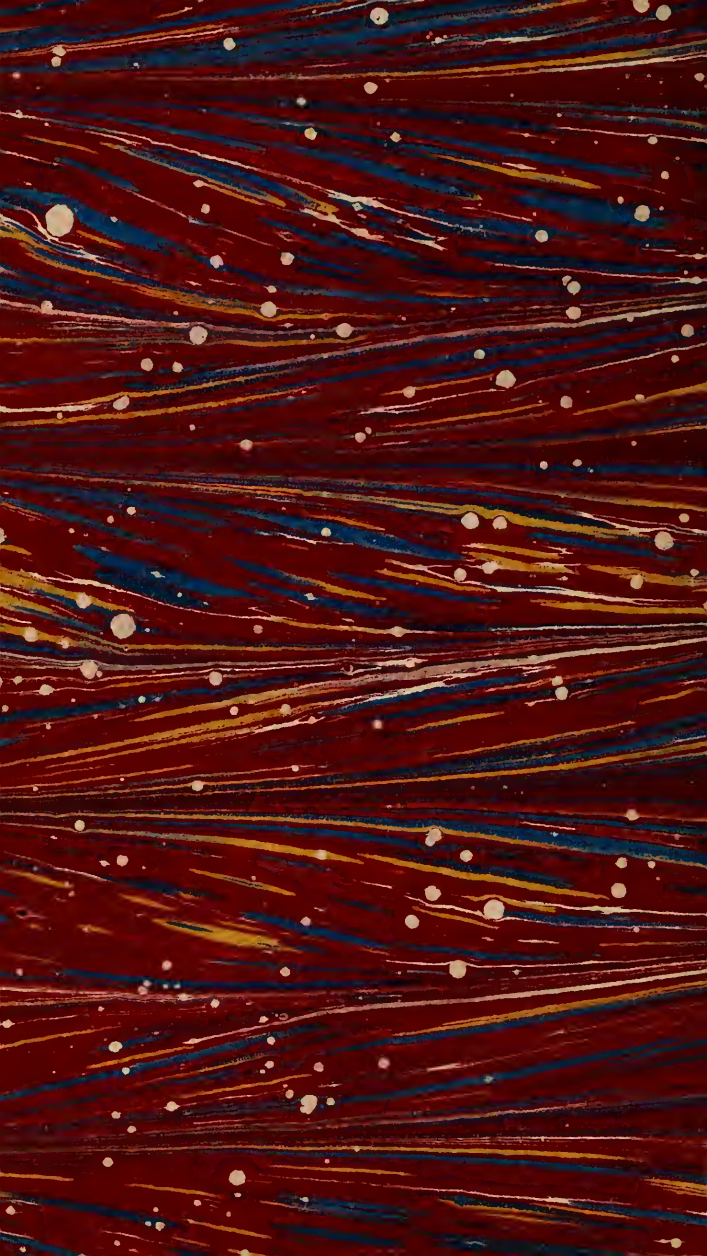
“In short, we have been a nation of spendthrifts, and lived beyond our means, and the result has been what such a course of conduct must invariably produce, a circumstance probably unparalleled in the history of commerce from the era of the Tyrians and Sidonians.”—(Page 26.)

FINIS.









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2003

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